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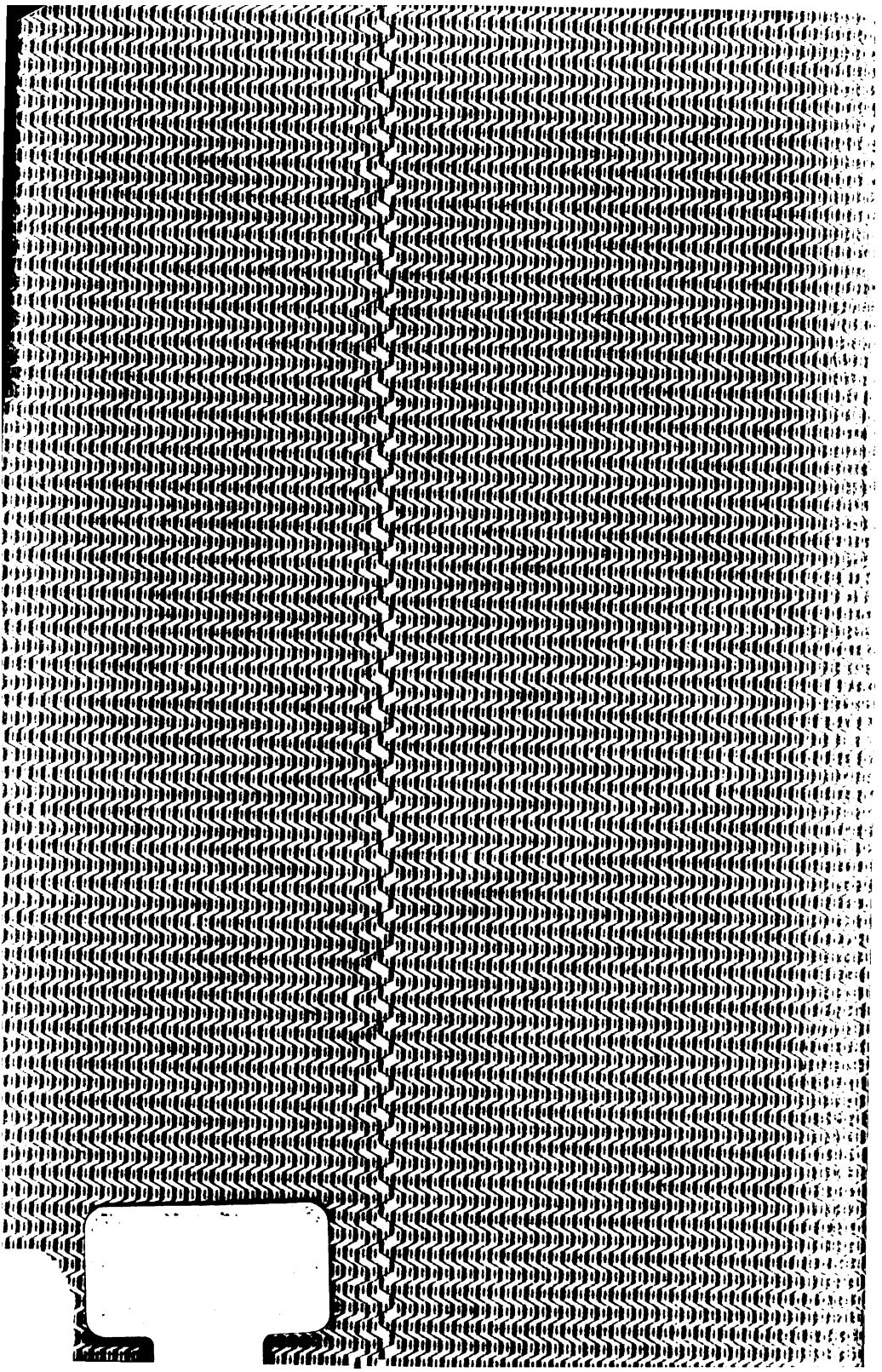
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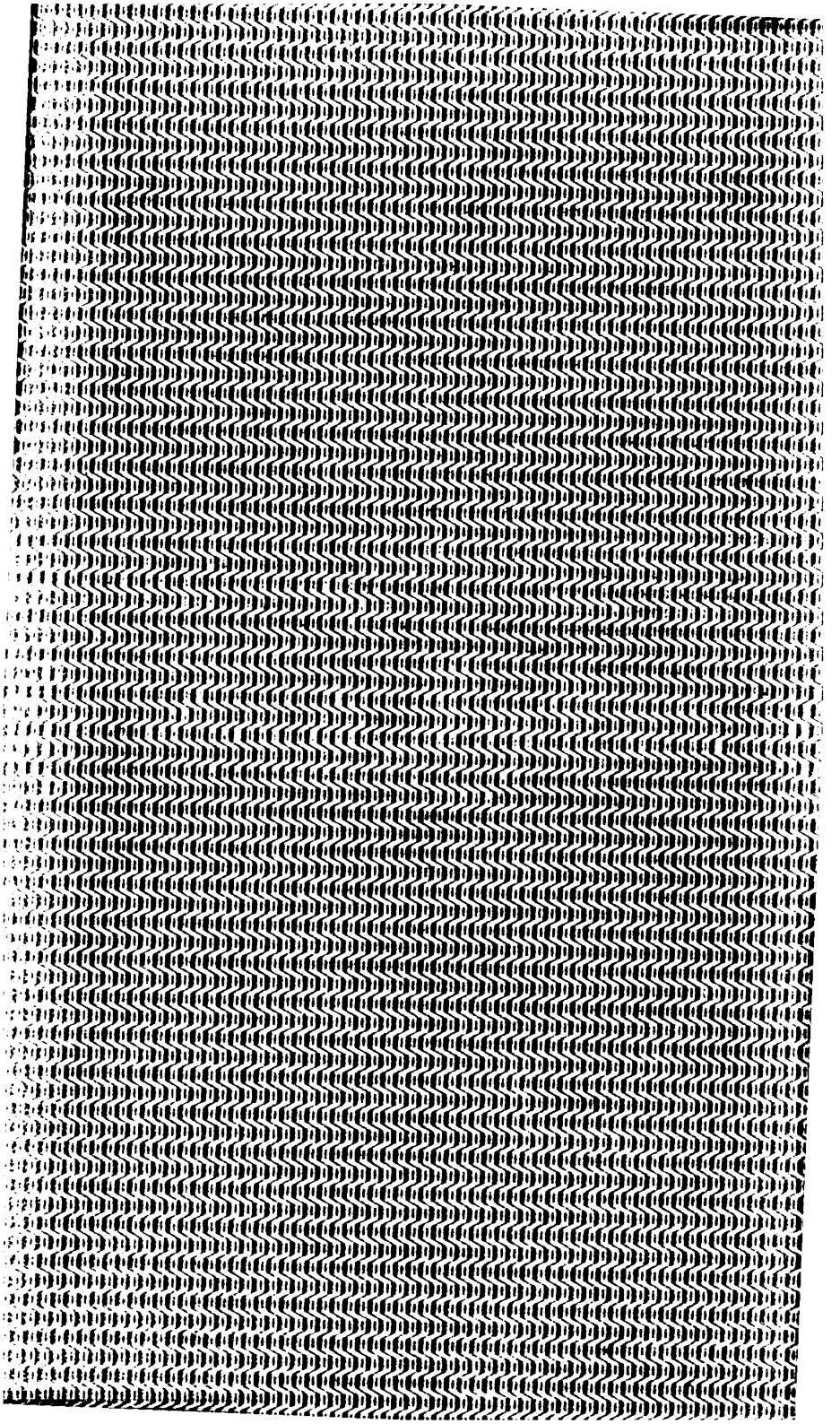
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BIGOTRY
A SATIRE.





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BIGOTRY: A SATIRE

IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
RUDIMENTS OF CURVILINEAR DESIGN,
AND OF
SCRIPTURAL REASONINGS IN SUPPORT OF THE JEWISH CLAIMS
TO SIT IN THE COMMONS HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,
AND OTHER WORKS.

SPEAK OF ME AS I AM; NOUGHT EXTENUATE, NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE.

Let all bitterness, and wrath and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.

LONDON:

CHARLES HASELDEN, WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1856.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

280. k. 7.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID SALOMONS,

LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON,

ARE DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

THESE ESSAYS:

INTENDED TO PROMOTE

THE EXERCISE OF

PHILANTHROPY AND BENEVOLENCE,

AND TO INCULCATE

CHARITY AND FORBEARANCE

AMONG ALL CLASSES OF THE

HUMAN FAMILY,

IN THE PROFESSION AND PRACTICE OF

FAITH AND OPINION.

May 1*st* 1856.

Bigotry: a Satire.

IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

WANDERING erewhile with slow-drawn feet,
To seek a shelter from the heat,
And turmoil of this world's affairs,
Its pleasures, vanities and cares;
Directed by celestial ray,
Through paths obscure and rugged way,
My weary steps were led to stray,
Where brother pilgrims held abode,
All travelling the self-same road;
The narrow way that leads to God:
I found a welcome and a home;
And now well pleased, no more to roam,
In hope rejoicing, and in peace,
I wait my gracious Lord's release;
His will, the fiat to my heart,
Whether to stay or to depart.

How sweet the hour of early prime,
When nature freshens; how sublime
The chaste clear blue of Eastern skies,
As the young rays of morn arise;
And grateful thoughts, beam on the soul
Emerging from a night of dole:

So raptured glows the mental sight,
When gladdening beams of sacred light
Illuminate the darkened breast,
In those first hours of heavenly rest,
When drawn away from earth and sense,
The soul subdued, no longer thence
Seeks satisfaction, but would soar
To Heaven's illimitable shore;
There, eagle-winged, rise into day,
And fired with seraph-zeal hold way,
Aspiring to the sacred zone,
To seek communion at the throne,
With Him, the Man who sits thereon,
The Lamb of God, the Holy One.

But lessons, difficult and stern,
A wayward heart is called to learn;
Probation is our task below;
To lead the heart herself to know,
If faith give fruit from hallowed seed,
Glory, the practice and the meed:

The armour polished, clean and bright,
Braced blithely on, before the night,
May in the battle-field be soiled,
The combatant struck down and foiled,
Though gallant in the fight he toiled;
Self-confidence may ride along,
And enter conflict with a song,
Discretion best becomes the brave,
True courage is not gay, but grave;
He who with sin maintains a strife
And combats passions ever rife,
Need be bound up with Christ in life;

In Christ, the glory of his choice,
Trembling, he bids his heart rejoice.
And lifts to God a tuneful voice.

The roof-tree sanctified by grace,
Love constitutes a sacred place;
Devotion animates the flame,
And one in sentiment and name,
Their faith and friendship, hand in hand,
The gentle inmates truthful stand
In fellowship, a holy band:
At distance stands another fane
In the broad square; this in the lane;
There, graceful, like a lambent fire,
Aloft appears the tapered spire,
Or swells majestic the proud dome;
Humble this place, a modest home;
There, mitres, scarfs, and croziers shine,
And pompous ritual, called divine;
Pontiffs or priests lead worship there;
That, saint's or angel's name must bear;
This Scripture-named "The House of Prayer:

One Shepherd governs either flock,
Both know His voice, and though the rock
They pasture round, shows varied face,
'Tis the same rock; although their place
Be far apart, 'tis the same mead,
Though seeking far apart their feed;
They drink not in the self-same brook,
Yet to the Shepherd's eye they look;
They flee the stranger, but His name
They know, to save his sheep he came;
To seek the wanderers, bear their shame.

Alas! that difference of rite
Should christian brethren disunite;
Leading to enmities and strife
To break the bonds of christian life;
Antagonistic creeds and notions
Prove germs of envious emotions;
And—what is done—and—what is thought—
When to a diverse judgment brought
Goad on the mind, with malice fraught,
To zealot venom and contention,
And bigot-hatred and dissension.

What changes pass beneath the sun!
"See how these christians love," said one;
Now what confusion and debate;
"See how these zealot-christians hate;"
Alas! the tongue no man can tame,
A deadly evil full of shame.
Oh! simple truths that Jesus spake,
Were but the mind to truth awake;
Did the Good Spirit but impart
An honest credence to the heart,
And grace to act the christian part.
Hear what the "Faithful Witness" saith
To church of old; "I know thy faith
"Hath borne and laboured; yet saith he
"Though with thy faith thy works agree,
"Yet have I somewhat against thee,
"Because thy first love thou hast left;
"Repent; for if I come, bereft
"Of name and place thou shalt be found
"Like tinkling brass, an empty sound."

Say! how shall love to God be shown?
How shall a christian love be known?

In neighbour's good sought as thine own;
In meek forbearance with a brother;
And in kind deference for another,
Whose pliant judgment though not strong,
May to a true-born faith belong:
Lest ye be judged, do not judge,
Said gentle Jesus; bear no grudge
Nor envy, nor dislike maintain
May give a fellow-christian pain;
Hast thou a light of brighter ray
Vouchsafed to thee? scorn not his day
In mist obscured; though dull the beam,
And faint the influence may seem;
Yet doth the self-same power impart
The glimpse of credence to his heart
That in full brightness lights thy soul;
Christ not divided, but Christ whole. 4
But who my neighbour? Everyone,
Breathing with thee beneath the sun;
What saith the scripture? There's the sway
Should govern all in gospel-day.
Now wait awhile! Do you pretend
We should not earnestly contend,
And zealously the faith defend,
As once delivered to the saints?
Surely, defend! but not with taints
Of rivalry or fierce evasion,
But emulate with grave elation;
Not to usurp austere dominion
Of thought, and other men's opinion:
Defend the faith! Yes! which the prime
Of precepts, both in point of time
And quality of God-like worth
Bequeathed by God in Christ on earth?

" A new commandment, friends, I give;
" As I have loved, while you live
" Love one another; then shall know
" All men, if mutual love shall glow,
" Ye are disciples worthy me;
" If faith, and hope and love agree:"
Let faith and practice mutual shine,
All shall concede the faith divine.
A golden rule to guide the mind
The Saviour gives; " To good inclined,
" As you expect, or wish a brother
" Should do to you, do to another;
" As thine ownself, so love thy neighbour
" And cheerful aid in care or labour."

Oh! for a faithful mind and pen,
To plead for love with CHRISTIAN MEN,
Though not accordant, mind and word,
Yet to live loving, like their Lord,
Nor bear the sceptre, nor the sword.
Would that I might display the colours,
The habits, elements, and odours,
Of zeal intemperate, undue,
Mistaken often for the true;
Might strip the pride of bigotry;
Curb disputative sophistry,
And show their crude deformity:
Then to compare the mind elate
With morbid thoughts inordinate;
Show niggard selfishness her aim
To intercept all other claim
To privilege, yet hold her own;
None favoured but herself alone;
Self-love, self-will, and self-conceit,
Make a saint-egotist complete.

Oh! for the purity once known,
When at one table all sat down;
Not equal light on all bestowed,
Yet love through every bosom flowed;
Not all endowed with equal grace,
Yet all beheld the Saviour's face;
So equal beams the golden ray
On herb and tree throughout the day;
The modest daisy lifts her eye
In grateful homage to the sky;
The rose, full-dressed, in pride expands,
Trees yielding fruit, put forth their hands,
Creation smiles to His commands
Who bade the stars their circuits run,
Who blessed the earth, and gave the sun
To rule the day; and through the night
Ordained the moon to shed her light;
Cold rocks respond in cheerful tone,
Illumined by the mid-day zone;
The hills rejoice, the meads are rife
With happiness; and things of life,
Exulting in the summer sheen,
Rejoice beneath the cheerful beam,
And animation throngs the green;
Nature reveals thy glorious face
Thou God of nature, God of grace.

To Heaven I look—Blessed Spirit, deign
To aid my verse: then not in vain
My verse shall Christian love sustain;
Then bigotry disgraced shall hide,
And shame confound assumptive pride.
And Christians imitate their Saviour
In look and word and kind behaviour.

The circumscribed, ignoble mind,
Her zeal, irrational, purblind,
With microscopic eye surveys
Her fellow minds, but not to praise;
Gathers rough birch, but rarely bays,
Deals censure with unsparing tongue,
Small commendation in her song.
And yet, when men and minds present,
Seldom may truth pay compliment;
As face to face in water, verse
Should every feature plain rehearse;
If lights abound, the gentle face
Will clear display her native grace;
If darker passions are expressed,
The truthful pen may be distressed,
She may not fuller grace invest,
Fearing the portrait may offend;
Yet dignified, will not descend
By flattering tints to hide the blot,
And paint that fair, which fair is not.

The wondrous kingdoms of God's reign,
Reciprocal, his will explain;
One great unintermitting chain
Binds all the symbols of his power
Throughout all time, the mortal hour
One with eternity; a thousand years
To Him but as a day appears;
Yet would our twinkling speck of sight,
Fleet as the igneous spark at night,
As fleet, and evanescent too,
Presume a comprehensive view
Of truth, and claim to hold control
Over a Christian brother's soul,

And Christian charity deny,
Sunk in the night of bigotry.

Truth holds her mirror to the day;
One steadfast looks upon the ray;
Another, glimmering, views the blaze;
A third regards, with dubious gaze,
Cold pride demurs, proud will debates;
Reason, with smiles, investigates,
While faith accepts the welcome traits,
Unravelling the intricate maze,
That hides the Godhead and his ways;
But faith, if bound with stoic zeal,
Unmoved, nor joy, nor grief to feel,
As copper blank before the type
Is blank in commerce; so unripe
Is faith, like fruit in sunless place;
Pure golden faith shows royal face,
And current coin, bears marks of grace;
But faith inert, a refuse heap,
Lays like the human frame in sleep;
Strength is depicted in a corse;
There are the limbs, but where the force?

But other symbols take, to show
By evidence of what we know
In nature, as we just have said,
An object to the mind displayed,
By transcript mentally pourtrayed:
Look at this scorpion! mind the sting,
'Tis an unquiet, spiteful thing;
Round the foul reptile scribe a ring;
Dark let the colour be, of blood,
Or better may be, black like mud;

'Tis true, such words are not refined,
But abject worm or turbid mind
Are best by turbid words defined;
Either will designate the spirit
Of the raven creature in it;
Both emblems of untempered zeal,
Insatiate, which bigots feel,
As fire and water harden steel:
Now observe the reptile action,
Turbulent as party faction;
Ever groping, seeking, prying,
Sly surmisings, never dying;
As the dog in Æsop's fable,
Snugly pent in foddered stable,
Heeded not the food himself;
But, as miser with his pelf,
Fondly gazing, counts his coin,
So the dog sat on the foin:
Doctors will thus indoctrinate,
And moody, gloze on church and state;
Denouncing all without the pale,
Opinionists of no avail,
In danger of eternal wail:

Then sectarists claim an equal right,
And for their creeds do all but fight;
Say those in surplice, gown, and band,
" Our apostolic church thus teaches;"
More simple, these on either hand,
" Our minister this doctrine preaches."
Infallibility none claim,
Yet hold the thought without the name;
Stern, self-sufficient, would defend
Each one his doctrine to the end;

And pertinacious to his crotchet,
Would sit repulsory and watch it:
So scowls malignant the foul worm,
Whose nature typifies the germ
Of venomed thoughts which bloat the mind,
To bigot-sentiments inclined;
Contracted in his dingy ring,
The leaden-hearted, surly thing,
Broods corrugant, in vicious humour,
Prepared to burst, like angry tumor:
Thus eager zealots, in their ire,
Blaze *vi et armis* forth, like fire,
Like wrathful brands defend a name,
And argument by sword and flame;
Would hurl destruction on their foes,
By words vituperate, or blows:

The bigot, crouched within his cell,—
As tortoise underneath her shell,
Esteems the soil she gazes on,
A universe, and all her own—
So the type reptile in his bed,
His feet twined round his hateful head;
He bloated lives, though all were dead;
With eyes askaunt, the monster blinks
On all who think not as he thinks;
But here the antitype we paint,
The reptile pictured in the saint;
The pseudo-saint we should have said,
So let the sentiment be read:
Saint! the most noble title given
To man on earth by God in heaven;
Let none, then, shamelessly profane
The word, nor heedlessly disdain

The favoured one, the " set apart,"
Renewed in nature and in heart;
Enrolled in canons of the sky,
Entitled to a seat on high.
Humble in spirit, meek his ways,
To God he consecrates his days,
And Scripture-taught, gives Scripture-praise.

But, say the schoolmen, there are found
In Scripture much of neutral ground,
Where disputants upon the text,
When creeds and systems seem perplexed,
And common sense gets sorely vexed;
Like combatants may take their stand,
And parry, *carte et tierce,* the brand; 7
" Good sense and reason were not given
" That men should blindfold go to heaven;
" Bread is not made without a leaven:"
List to the man! though deaf and blind,
He claims " integrity of mind;"
Assumes the rank of power innate
To reason and investigate;
But reason is not underived,
For man of reason stood deprived
When innocence, with judgment fled,
The understanding, dark or dead;
When Eve, presumptuous, ate the food,
And evil chose to be her good;
When Adam joined her in the sin,
And rendered all his race unclean;
The heart depraved, the stubborn will,
To good averse, inclined to ill,
And wayward, choosing evil still.

Say to the dead—rise up and live;
They heed not; canst thou reason give,
Where madness holds the wildered brain?
Madness, deemed pleasure, not a pain;
A wandering thought, a raving lip:
Mind fettered like an ice-bound ship,
In frozen billows of the deep;
Such is fallen reason—a death sleep:—
There's semblance of pure waters flowing,
And there the vessel, fair winds blowing;
Yard arms are braced, the canvas spread,
The decks are manned, but all are dead:
The rudder frozen to the wheel;
The hull transfixed from line to keel;
The pennon lifeless in the blast,
Clung, like a death-shroud, to the mast;
She looks, from stem to stern, "All well,"
But none alive "What cheer" to tell:

Such is vain man, and such his state;
Like a good ship—in pride elate,
She rises gallant from the main,
Impervious deemed to wind and rain;
Sailing in pomp, a thing of power,
Unconscious of the stormy hour,
Until, in hurricane or gale,
To leeward borne, and torn the sail,
The compass broken, anchor lost,
The bark on shore is rudely tost;
Or cast upon the sunken rock,
Or strikes the bar with sudden shock,
Or foundering in the deep sea-wave,
The brave ship with the seamen brave,
Lie buried in their ocean grave.

But as the eye receives the ray,
And gives the mind a mental day,
So reason is the eye of soul,
Yet subject to the will's control,
'Tis wine gives value to the bowl;
Reason and will! sad guides to lead,
Where folly and presumption plead:
For pride, and prejudice, ambition,
Hold rival notions in derision;
And adverse judgments in misprision;
The will commands, and these obey,
For will hath ever found a way,
Although stern conscience should say—nay!
It hath been said, and not said ill, 9
He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still:
Like achromatic glass at night
In darkness, Bigotry finds light
But reverts objects to the sight:
Conviction governs not, but pride,
When prejudice and will preside:
If vanity should domineer,
Or passion take the helm to steer,
Before the wind, borne on the tide,
Pleasure's gay burthen floats along,
Like the free cadence of a song;
In vain would prudence seek to guide;
Reason and will on board with pride.

When pleasure wildly takes her flight,
Vainly discretion calls—" alight."
She holds no leash that may restrain
The coistrel, pleasure, in her train. 10
Pleasure still sings her own refrain:

Frail Reason then, or blind or dead,
And stubborn will may not be led,
How shall the mind to truth attain,
Since human knowledge is in vain?
The wise man saith, " It is no gain,
" For in much wisdom is much grief,
" And knowledge but increaseth sorrow,
" Labour still findeth no relief,
" For as the day, so is the morrow."

Since then, it is not found in man
That walketh, to devise the plan,
Which manifests the pleasant way,
May guide the footsteps, lest they stray:
Who may the narrow path make known,
That leads direct to wisdom's throne?

Be humble! if thou wouldst discern
The way of truth and wisdom learn:
Abase thyself! the posture meet
For learners is at Jesu's feet:
Humility! the golden rule
'Scribed on the porch of wisdom's school:
Deny thyself! and take thy cross,
And count all other things but dross
When numbered with the precious name
Of Him, who self-denying came,
To teach thee truth, and bear thy shame:
" And say not, who shall mount above
" To bring us tidings of God's love?
" Or who shall venture in the deep,
" To bring up Christ from those who sleep?
" The word is nigh thee, plainly spoken,
" By him whose word cannot be broken:"

Dost thou plead guilty, conscience-smitten,
Deep in thy heart the word is written.
Here read the lines, " If thou believe
" And in simplicity receive
" The truth, and with thy mouth confess,
" Believing unto righteousness,
" That God raised Jesus from the dead,"
" As Jesus had aforetime said,
" And in his name hast mercy craved,
" On Jesus call, thou shalt be saved." 11

On Jesus call! a priest exclaims,
Our church such pert presumption blames:
Vile sinner, call upon some saint,
Or on the virgin! this in paint,
Or that in stone to intercede,
Or ask some priest in case of need;
No sinner for himself should plead:

Sir priest! forbear to lead astray,
Christ saith, " I am the truth, the way,"
" I am the life, who call on me
" For mercy, shall his mercy see:"
Sinner, though ruined, lost, undone,
The scriptures call, Hear God the Son,
" Come, whosoever, everyone,"
" Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come."

Two priests present, the one from Rome,
The other comes much nearer home,
Both apostolic in their creed;
Both sing Te Deum as their meed;
Both, right divine assume and plead:
A—claims infallibility!
In his intractability,
Does he profess humility?

With bold ostent he dares to vie,
In holiness and majesty,
With God the Ruler of the sky;
In God's own temple takes his place, 12
Vice-regent to dispend his grace;
Dares to absolve the soul from crime
Or in eternity or time;
With Satan's power in lying wonders
He issues forth unrighteous thunders;
And scarlet dressed, with scarlet shame,
Sitting as God, blasphemes His name,
While worshippers in scarlet, bow,
To "Mystery" scribed on his brow, 13
And prostate, kiss the rubied toe. 14

B pleads continuous succession
Apostolic, in due progression,
Through hands whose errors he abjures
As antichrist, which death ensures,
Papistic hands, whose condemnation
Is sealed in Transubstantiation,
Exploded at the Reformation;
Pretence, that virtually denies,
Christ, and His finished sacrifice:
So power is claimed by imposition,
After negation and contrition—
Of papal hands, at papal shrine,
Beatified, and called divine;
Where hangs a figured Christ in wood,
Or crucifix, or holy rood,
So called; in plaister, wood, or stone;
Or carved in ivory or bone:
From sinful heart, and sinful hands,

Absolved from guilt, and guilty bands,
By sinner freed, the sinner stands:
A solemn mockery! to dare
With hands polluted to compare
The influence of Holy Diction,
With ceremonial and fiction:
To substitute for spirit-unction
Priest-absolution and compunction:
So ran the turbid stream of yore;
But for two hundred years or more,
Influence is estimated given,
Through hands episcopal by Heaven;
God's power imparted, clothes the priest
With God's prerogative; at least,
So run the words, " They are forgiven
" Whose sins thou dost remit, for Heaven,
" By our uplifted hands, hath blessed
" The man whom we ordain a priest,
" To minister the gospel-feast."

Thus saith Jehovah! " As I live,
" My glory I will never give
" To other. By myself I swear,
" The impious mortal who shall dare
" To bow the head, or bend the knee,
" To any other one than me:
" Or supplicate in any sense
" For grace; or seek on vain pretence,
" For aid from any form or feature,
" Derived from heaven or earth; a creature;
" That soul shall die; I am alone;
" The Sacred Three; the Holy One."
Doctrine idolatrous, and deed,
Are here denounced; the law decreed;

Sentence is passed; what shall prevent
Their everlasting punishment?
Beware of Bigotry! the plea,
A Saviour left for these and thee;
For all, is one, "Christ died for me:"
All glory to a dying Lord;
The gracious voice is on record
For such as these, in Christ's own word;
"All blasphemy and sinful leaven, 17
"Of words profane shall be forgiven
"The sons of men; who plead the blood
"Of Jesus Christ, the Son of God;
"And by His spirit taught, seek grace,
"Through Christ to see the Father's face;"
In smiles benign their prayers he hears;
Their self-convicted hearts he cheers;
And pardons all their guilty fears:
Ah! should God mark our thoughts and words,
Without the grace that blood affords;
Our heedlessness and sinful deeds,
Without that mercy which exceeds
The utmost of man's mental ken
To image forth, God's love to men;
What mortal could before him stand
Or hope for place at Christ's right hand?

Misguided worshippers, who bend
To other than the Sinners Friend!
Never, dear Saviour! let me be
Severed by any one from Thee;
While to Thy cross by faith I cling,
No merits of my own I bring:
No sinner righteousness excels;
In Christ alone all fulness dwells:

Yet spare them Bigotry! they love,
Though blinded, in bye-paths they rove;
Though led astray by bell and book,
Are superstitious, taught to look
On idle symbols and inventions,
And wily men's absurd pretentions;
Blind leaders of the blind, who lead
Their silly sheep to take their feed,
Not by the Rock in gospel-mead
Where living fountain water springs,
But to the den of hateful things;
Where broken cisterns dark and dry,
Polluted, can yield no supply.

But zeal intemperate, unkind;
Malicious, persecuting, blind;
Looms in remote historic page,
Anterior to the Christian age;
So reason's martyr, died the sage:
Philosophers, great love pretended
To wisdom; yet in wrath defended
Their dogma, and to death convey
The rival, more acute than they;
And doomed the Athenian to die, 18
Who taught the soul's eternity,
A philosophic Bigotry—
Judged him to drink the poisoned bowl
Who God inspired, proclaimed the soul
Immortal rising to the gods,
To share the heaven of their abodes;
And over these, One Great Supreme,
Who leads by influence or dream
The mind to walk in wisdom's way,

And virtuous dictates to obey:
So saith the Book! the Gentile law
Is in their hearts; and if no flaw
Or breach be made, their thoughts excuse,
Else conscience speaking will accuse;
Conscience, God's witness unto them,
To justify, or to condemn:
Yet, when before the Judgment Throne,
The secrets of all hearts are known,
And every thought proclaimed abroad;
All shall plead guilty before God;
Jew, Greek, and Gentile, lost in sin;
A leprous race, without, within;
Children of clay, allied to earth,
Through life polluted, and by birth;
What shall for these to God atone?
The blood of Jesus Christ alone;
God hath declared, "He knows his own."
Can this be so? They never knew
A Saviour; nor obtained a view
Of Calvary, where blood was spilt,
May purge the foulest heart from guilt;
The glory on the cross is built—

Would Bigotry deny the claim
Of all but men of Christian name,
To share in mercy through the cross?
No! Jesus shall not suffer loss
Of honour; or the due renown
Of any gem that on His crown
Should shine; since every virtue found
On Christian, or on heathen ground,
However small, or faint the sound

Of kindliness, that fills the voice,
And gives the sufferer to rejoice,
To comfort mourners in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
Proceeds from Him who made the choice,
Where His good spirit should possess
The humble heart with rightfulness,
And favour nature by His grace:
Pre-eminence, our Christ must have
With sylvan, savage and with slave;
Ignorance, must her tribute bring,
And knowledge magnify her king;
Jesus shall triumph o'er his foe,
And Satan shall his justice know,
And trembling, see Christ's kingdom spread,
Triumphant o'er his bruised head,
And souls renewed rise from the dead:
The chosen ones from every clime,
And name and creed, throughout all time,
Nations, and peoples, kindreds, tongues,
Redeemed, shall join their million songs,
" Salvation to our God belongs:"
God rules supreme o'er time and space;
Unless the Father give his grace,
No moral energy finds place;
Virtue in temper, or in mood,
Is not confined in latitude;
Extended, love will fill the heart;
If feeble, to the pulse impart
Motion, just indicating life,
Morbid, and not engendering strife,
Yet, like the heat of latent fire,
Kindling no flame; a cold desire,

Like to the diamond in the mine,
A diamond, though of little shine;
Yet the weak lustre is divine:

Might we not ask, if all who know
And love the Lord; find equal glow
Of heart to all who love the Saviour?
Shining in word and kind behaviour
To brethren of Christian name,
Whether like creed, or creed the same;
Expecting when the holy gate
Is open, none shall bid them wait,
But all shall enter to that rest,
One chosen company; all blessed:
While here, in divers colours dressed;
But summoned to the feast above,
Clothed in white robes the Saviour wove;
One shining band around the board,
Shall sit for ever with their Lord;
Reproach not then with haughty brow;
" Stand back; I'm holier than thou."

If ye love me, the Saviour said,
Keep my commandments; and the bread
He blessed; and took the cup of wine,
And instituted rite divine;
" Do this, he said, till time shall end,
" In memory of your dying friend,"
A feast of Love. Can Satan find,
Even here, a plea to snare the mind;
To instigate a zealot pride,
And kindle wrath on either side,
In Christians for whom Jesus died?

Alas! even here, dark spirits lour,
Here, may be found a demon power;
While Christian brethren lay a stress,
On dicipline, not righteousness;
And stipulate, one siding way
To gain admittance; rigid say,
The precept and example too,
Point out what Christian men should do;
Produce the precept from the word,
And prove example from their Lord;
Water alone, the Scripture saith,
Is evidence of Christian faith:
Though strong in faith, the Lord he know,
Though strong his love to Calvary glow,
Unless to Enon's stream he go,
Unwashed, the leper must remain
Apart, there's still the leprous stain;
Though Christ unloose the legion chain,
Clothed, in right mind, and free from shame,
Redeemed, and bearing Christian name,
Still among tombs the man must roam;
None may invite the stranger home.

Others find neither rite nor rule,
Yet sprinkle in the vestibule;
By sponsors, answer for the creed,
Bound for the infants, thought and deed;
Give pledge to God for righteous feeling,
Integrity of life, and dealing;
Declare their hearts from sin set free,
Brought into gospel liberty!
Regenerated, they attain
To righteousness, assured to gain

Eternal life. In early youth,
These are inculcated as truth.

The catechist demands the name;
" 'Tis M.—my sponsors gave the same
" In baptism, when I was brought
" To God, and made—as I am taught,
" Member of Christ; a child of God; 22
" Inheritor of Heaven; the road
" Then opened for me to the gate,
" Where Christ and holy angels wait,
" For such as keep God's law in this,
" To give me entrance into bliss;"
The priest then sprinkled on my face
" Water, a sign of inward grace,
" Gave thanks to God that saved from wrath,
" I should become His child thenceforth;
" Then signed my forehead with the sign,
" Should seal my heart to things divine;"
Thus I am taught that Heaven is mine:

Now Bigotry, plead thine own cause,
Issue is joined upon the laws;
Give general issue on the case;
Do those, or these God's will deface?
Does the priest change the heart, or grace?
May special plea be brought or found,
Or evidence, on Scripture ground,
To show in rituals so contrary,
Which from authority most vary?
If those with Scripture truth agree,
In baptismal consistency;
Or these commit a heresy?

'Twas the first great behest of power,
That Christ assumed in that dread hour
When agony his soul confessed,
And anguish writhed his labouring breast—
Yet steadfastly he kept His eye
Upon His work, He came to die—
" Father ! this bitter cup I take
" And drink it for my people's sake,
" Let Thy will, not my will be done,
" And thou shalt glorify Thy son ;"
No glarish ordonnance displayed,
No mitred priest in pomp arrayed ;
A humble table, cleanly spread ;
A cup of wine with household bread ;
With lifted eyes the blessing prayed :

Christ's dispensation is begun ;
The Jewish Paschal Lamb now done ;
Messiah suffers in its stead,
The seed to bruise the serpent's head,
Captivity is captive led,
No more the ram or bullock slain,
But precious blood from nobler vein ;
The Lamb of God, the gospel feast,
The victim, altar and the priest :
Simplicity marked deed and word ;
A blessing uttered and implored,
The Master lying at the board,
The loved disciple at His breast,
And loving words to all addressed ;
Such the grave scene of placid phase
Where angels reverential gaze,
In contemplation and amaze :

Now from the quiet of that night,
Let us with onward time bear flight
Some centuries; and take our stand,
Where cardinals and priests command
The pageantry of papal pride,
Beneath vast dome and chancel wide,
With sculptured saints on every side;
Where marble altar, pictured pane,
And fables dight in ruby stain
Glimmer on ceremonials vain,
And mystify the untaught mind,
To superstitious thought inclined;
As meteor lights to sight displayed,
But cast around a deeper shade,
The darkened soul yet darker made;

To man alone these rites belong;
All is fatuitous, the song,
Is chanted in an unknown tongue;
The organ peals an empty sound;
Voices effeminate abound;
Priests bend before the idol stone,
Or wooden image to atone;
In vain they bend with shaven crown,
No eye propitious looks down,
But Heaven regards with awful frown;
So Baal prophets cried in vain,
Though cut with knives they cried in pain,
No voice was heard, the demon god,
Nor answered, or by look or nod;
Till wrath sent forth the vengeful rod:

Again a host of priests ascend,
And low before the altar bend;

Again the organ peels a strain,
And songs of praise ascend again;
Ascends a cloud of incense smoke,
Not God the Father to invoke,
But offered to the virgin-mother,
God's homage rendered to another;
And prostrate to the idol paste,
Worship the bread, they dare not taste;
Bells jingling on the ear denote
That ignorants should now devote
Especial worship to the pyx,
And bow down to the crucifix,
Or to their saint pay adoration,
And seek from him, or her, salvation;
Should kiss the wooden pax, and greet
The virgin mother; and repeat
The paternoster many times,
As penitence for wilful crimes;
Formalities addressed to sense,
A fraudful worship of pretence;
Here Bigotry is rampant, fell;
Savage; the offspring imp of hell;
Inflamed with persecuting ire
They doom their foes to endless fire;
Beneath the wrath of papal frown,
In phrase too awful to write down,
Opponents curse from sole to crown:

Yet are among these devotees,
Some souls that seek the Lord to please,
And bend the heart on bended knees:
Seek in the superstitious rite,
A sin atonement infinite;
Behold the Son of God incarnate;

Who died to cleanse from sins of scarlet:
Yes, in these ruins may be found
Some jewelled names with glory crowned;
Thomas a Kempis—Ganganel— 26
With Blaize Pascal—Le Pere Quesnel—
Boudon—" Le Chretien Inconnu,"
And Flechier and Bourdaloue,
Cambray's archbishop, Fenelon—
The jesuit preacher, Massillon—
Bossuet, L'Evêque—Monsieur Marolle—
Arnauld—the jansenist, Nicolle—
Savanarola, half- convert,
He died for faith, though faith inert,
Yet, justified by faith, in flame
Died; martyr for his Saviour's name
These plead Christ's merits, not their own,
Looking to Jesus to atone,
They trust His precious blood alone:
In God they trust, to Christ they look
In symbols; might they read His book
And learn the simple gospel plan,
Devised by God for sinful man;
And see the name emblazoned there,
The only name His lips declare—
Then would their vigils, fasts and prayer,
Teach bigot minds who scorn their zeal,
To mark their perseverance; feel
Even such, exemplars to excite,
And give devotion appetite;
Might bring the bible-taught to shame,
Their energies for Jesus' name
So rarely burnt in equal flame;

Vice in all grades the Spirit sees,
The pride of lofty Pharisees,
And haughtiness on bended knees;
Or luke-warm heart, nor cold nor hot,
Which loves, as though she loved not;
Better the pompous voice to rise,
Than apathy which pining lies,
Too indolent to lift her eyes;
The hands of diligence make rich,
But indolence, like stagnant ditch
Corrupts the wind that round it blows,
And taints the water as it flows;
Better, by far, a living dog,
Than a dead lion, like a log:

Blame not, but mourn for these deluded;
Who worship dead men's bones—precluded
By birth their ignorance to see,
And judge them not—" For who made thee
" By faith the Lamb of God to see,"
And worship Him in purity?

The beast received a deadly wound, 27
And seemed to lie in mortal swond;
Three centuries the three-crowned priest,
Mourned a lost kingdom to the Beast,
And of his kingdoms, not the least;
The jesuit host were chased away,
And Britain hailed a gospel-day;
Papal dominion overturned,
And Wickliffites no longer burned;
Prayers no more offered to the dead,
Nor superstitious masses said,

But once again a table spread;
No consecrated wafer raised,
Nor transubstantiation praised;
But priest and people both partake
Of bread and wine for Jesus' sake:

Now persecution turns about,
And protestants drive papists out;
Hate and pursue sectarian brother,
" And bite and worry one another;" 28
Still Bigotry obtains a lurch,
Beneath the cry, " God save the church:
Then church of England raised in pride,
Dares all opinions to decide,
And over thought and conscience ride;
Again a hierarchy is seen,
In scarlet, violet, and green,
Archbishop, bishop, priest, and dean:
The oaken table from the choir 29
Removed, and altar-stone raised higher,
Beneath the eastern window placed,
With candlesticks and salvers graced,
And broidered altar-cloth enlaced:
The liturgy of common prayer
Is read with emphasis and care,
Not Latin jargon lost in sound,
A Roman tongue on English ground;
But good old Saxon well expressed,
In humble prayers to God addressed;
A manifest advance to truth,
Like the church militant in youth,
Before the mummeries of Rome,
Drove purity of creed from home;

So doth the Lord to promise true,
Keep his disciples in his view;
And though the tares in wheat may grow,
His spirit will fresh grace bestow
To purify His church below:
But God permits an evil hour,
A bigot-Queen is raised to power;
Again the monster rears his head,
And martyrs number with the dead;
The pearl is found of greatest price,
And saints are formed for paradise;
What though their pathway lay through flame,
Cheerful they passed in Jesus' name,
Embraced the cross, despised the shame;
Nor is their blood or sufferings found
Like water spilled upon the ground;
In prison they proclaim His worth,
While at the stake hold Jesus forth,
And preach in flames, with dying eyes,
Jesus! the finished sacrifice.

From popish, persecuting crimes,
We hasten on to other times;
The church had slept, the college walk
Long echoed philosophic talk
Of human excellence; good morals,
Had lulled asleep the gospel quarrels;
Some puritans still lived to preach
The doctrines Christ came down to teach;
His apostolical descendents,
Plaintiff no more, became defendants,
Not to maintain plain gospel rules,
But Aristotle and the schools;

Not studious St. Paul to know,
But Socrates and Cicero;
Profoundly read in classic lore,
But furnished ill from Bible store;
Their minds not skilled in gospel-page,
But in refinements of the age
Well versed, the buskin and the stage:

A blank ensues, the rebel nation
Rise, and abolish rank and station,
And swords are drawn and firebrands raised,
To prove how God can best be praised;
Men from the clods of low degree,
Presume to browbeat majesty,
Lost to respect for dignity;
The nobles selfish, filled with pride,
While commoners the peers decried,
And Bigotry ruled either side;
Commotions agitate the land,
And right falls prostrate to the brand;
Such is the current of false zeal
Whether in church or commonweal.

Once more the British constitution
Revives from party ebullution,
And dissipates the revolution;
King, lords, and commons are restored
And treacherous practices ignored;
The nation, for their monarch own
The orphan prince, and would atone
Their violence toward the throne;
No martyr-king though foul the blow
That laid the Lord's annointed low,

He paid the price that traitors pay
Who would deceive but lose the day;
He fell not in a noble cause,
A nation's welfare, or the laws,
Nor fell a hero in her wars;
False to religion and his oath,
Confirmed upon his royal troth,
His oath renewed, again he broke,
Deceiving, every word he spoke;
Made solemn compacts, and again
Rendered his solemn compacts vain;
Apostate to the creed professed,
The jesuit rankled in his breast;
God overset his tyrant pride,
The nation became regicide,
By stroke retributive he died:
But anarchy is over-ruled,
By bigot-factions sorely schooled,
The people give rejoicing voice,
And hail the prince they made their choice;
As when a burst of sudden sound
Against the cliffs in smart rebound,
Breaks, and sharp echoes shout around—
So voice to voice repeats and tells
Polyphonous, like ocean swells,
When undulating water dwells
Recursive; so exulting hosts
Welcome their king to British coasts:
The king! a God-appointed sway;
Whom God appoints let men obey,
And for his mild dominion pray:
Avert, Jehovah! from our land
The hydra-monster to command;

The many-headed mongrel power
That changes with the changing hour;
All mouth, no head, a strange compound
Of confluent tongues, without a sound
Distinctive to inform the ear;
A Chinese gong, soft, sweet and clear,
Tones gentle, mild, say, queenly note
Should the brass disc be ~~feebly~~ smote,
But if reiterated stroke,
Like rash democracy intrude,
Reverberating, loud and rude,
The mellowed harmony is broke;
The dinning noises, boom and crash,
Oppressive, like the howling lash
Of boisterous winds when waters roar
Upon the foaming storm-vexed shore.

Again the court in splendour shines,
Doctors of laws, and grave divines,
Bow at levees, and church and state
Are recognised inviolate:
Now where shall Bigotry find place,
Hatbands exchanged for gold and lace?
Alas! the demon still bears sway
In human hearts, and finds the way
To hold the conscience in controul,
And revel spiteful in the soul:
The powers assume a despot voice
And prelacy denies the choice
Of faith and worship; all must join
In ritual, pronounced divine;
And persecution holds a key
To human forms and Bigotry:
The tide rolls on, and gospel-men

Are prisoned in the noisome den,
While piety is made the sport
Of godless parasites at court;
Vice holds her revels void of shame,
Disgraceful to the Christian name;
And infidels obtain promotion,
Despised the men of pure devotion:
God's providence may seem to sleep
But God's designs, though dark and deep,
Are manifest when time brings round
The moment for prophetic sound;
Man seems to guide his own career,
But God makes all his counsels clear;
The skilful pilot knows to steer,
Yet borne by winds, or waves aback,
He drives upon a leeward tack,
Or would he veer, he misses stays;
So man, uncertain all his ways!
He plans, determines and appoints,
God over-rules and dis-appoints;
He comforts, or makes bare his arm,
Whether in tumult or in calm;
His children may a season mourn,
Yet on His heart their names are borne.

The generation passed away,
Its vice, frivolity, and play;
Like the ephemera, their day
Was spent; as insects in the sun
They trifled, till their day was done;
Not so, the noble hearts that fought
The fight of faith, and steadfast sought,
With patience wrestling unto blood,

God's love and grace—rock, cave, and wood
Responded to their sighs and tears
And bare a witness to their prayers;
They loved the cross, embraced the shame,
The world not worthy of their name;
In perils often, suffering wrong,
Yet suffering with a silent tongue;
In fasting, cold, and nakedness,
And sorrows in the wilderness,
Yet triumphing in wretchedness;
God was their hope, His Word their joy,
His praises their sad hours employ;
Their Bigot enemies in vain
Bind them with manacle and chain,
Faith taught them constant to endure
Their hardships, and with conscience pure
Their gospel tenets to maintain,
Heedless of suffering or pain,
Knowing their labours and their love
Were registered with God above;
His book enrolled their faith and fears,
His bottle held their many tears,
His grace preserved their pious aim
To hold in purity their flame
Of holy zeal for Jesus' name.

God may bear long, but they who scoff
At godliness will God cast off;
If prince or people disobey,
Though vengeance may awhile delay,
When their iniquity is full,
Wise to appoint or disannul,
God speaks in wrath and casts them down,
Whether to slay or to dethrone:

Three prince apostates, on pretence
The pope had power to dispense
With solemn vows made to a nation,
And ratified at coronation;
Lost to the dignity of kings,
And honour which from virtue springs,
Seduced by Bigotry and pride,
And casting honesty aside,
Degrade their royalty and name,
And rank becomes allied to shame;
When rank with shame becomes alloyed,
The House of Pride shall be destroyed: 37
For superstitiously inclined,
And bigoted in heart and mind,
Seeking to rule with iron sway,
They would the nation should obey,
Submissive to their scorpion rod,
Bending before their bigot nod;
Their tyrant will, the will of God;
They bowed indign to priestly beck,
And sought to yoke the franchised neck,
Once more to Rome and her dominion,
To Romish custom and opinion:

How grateful is the cheerful day,
When storm and wind have passed away,
So rose the Revolution morn,
When gospel liberty came borne
On wings of light and life and peace,
To free the conscience, and release
The trammelled mind from foul controul,
And privilege the darkened soul.

God's kingdom is by Christ compared 38
To "mustard seed;" the Lord declared,
This modest plant should plainly show
The history of His church below;
And should set forth the divers ways,
And heresies of future days;
And idol worship, prayers, or praise:

The "tiny seed," the mustard plant,
Our Lord describes in this descant,
"Less than all seeds," he said, when sown,
But springing up and fully grown,
The pliant herb becomes a tree,
Rising in strength and majesty,
Shoots out great branches, and receives
The birds and fowls among the leaves;
In seed, and plant, and then the tree,
Emblems, are beautiful to see
Of all the church of God shall be;
Her state and aspect in the days
When men shall walk in crooked ways;
And wandering, deviate from truth,
No longer simple, as in youth,
But in the vanities of show,
And not transformed, themselves to know,
Their thoughts conformed to things below;
When loving pleasure more than God,
They leave the straight and narrow road;
Deceived, deceiving, worse and worse, 39
Borne down by wrath beneath the curse,
And captive leading, captive led,
And conscience-seared; cast out and spread
Like the seared branch among the dead;

Leaving the faith which makes men wise,
For strong delusions, holding lies,
And old wives' fables, janglings vain,
Until the man of sin be slain,
And Christian truth revive again.

This tree shall stand through all turmoil,
The Husbandman prepared the soil;
Through changeful scenes of earth it grows,
Still flourishing through chilling snows
Of apathy and listlessness,
Or torrid heats when foes oppress,
And persecute for righteousness;
Like fog or mist upon the light,
Infestive errors, dark as night,
The verdure nipping, like a blight,
Or demon-spleen, like wind and hail
Upon the blossoms, faith assail:
Though shades of doubt and fears beguile,
As clouds obscure the summer smile;
Yet trunk the same, the same the root,
The tree shall flourish and bear fruit;
Christ gave the word, the "tiny grain"
Was sown; and Heaven-infusing rain,
Descending by the Spirit's power,
Like gentle dew in morning hour,
Brought into life a thing of earth,
Yet, sprang the blade a heavenly birth;
No human culture there was seen,
The tender plant of emerald green.
Pure as the water from the fount,
Like steadfast faith, that on the throne
Of God could look a "sardine stone,"

A "jasper faith," that on the mount
Should gem-like shine, nor fear the voice
Of thunderings, but in God rejoice,
And join the shoutings of the sky
To Him that came on earth to die,
Atonement made, and lives and reigns
In triumph over all his pains;
Who conquered in his dying breath,
Satan and sin, and hell and death:

Great mystery of godliness!
Who shall thy power and truth confess,
Or comprehend thy righteousness?
A worm of earth a child of clay,
Raised to behold a gospel-day,
But He who gave the blind to see,
May give to view the mystery;
If God's good spirit but impart
His love and wisdom to the heart;
And as the mirror shows the face,
So the enlightened mind may trace
The wonders of redeeming grace:

Man! if not taught his state to see,
Abiding a wild olive tree,
Stands like a signal of distress,
Abortive in the wilderness,
A fading thing of wretchedness;
No vital succulence is found,
A barren cumberer of the ground,
His leafless branch dried up and bare,
Like the pest-tree infests the air, 43
Awaiting when the tempests blow
Shall hurl him in the gulph below:

But not alone should dew or rain
The beauty of the tree maintain,
The primitive belief must flourish
Which God in providence will nourish;
Blood must manure the precious seed,
And martyrs for their credence bleed;
And heathen superstition know
That faith and holiness will grow
In Christ's disciples, who possess
His grace, His love, and righteousness;
Pale Bigotry had not sprung forth
Like frigid wind from east or north,
To chill the love the Lord had shed
In Christian hearts, like soft wings spread
To soothe the breast, their placid days,
Like days of Heaven on earth, all praise,
Christ the companion of their way,
Their guard at night, their guide by day:
When bearing witness to His name,
He whispers comfort in the flame—
When passing through the whelming deep
His voice is heard, "My own I keep"—
They sigh and mourn, He hears the sigh,
"Fear not my fair ones, I am nigh"—
They cry by reason of the way,
He breakes the clouds and makes their day—
The enemy with fierce assaults
In phalanx of accusing faults,
Would drive their spirits to despair;
They seek their talisman by prayer,
And Satan flies, for Christ is there—
And "It is written" like a sword
Gives them to conquer like their Lord;
No weapon like the written Word:

The century wanes; God's kingdom grown;
The plant prefigured thrives His own,
Nourished by virtue of the root,
It springs and renders pleasant fruit;
The labourers see their harvest home,
And end their course in martyrdom;
Peter! still ardent, the prefix,
Chooses reversed, the crucifix;
Paul, knowing whom he had believed,
With joy the two-edged sword received,
The good fight fought, the faith well kept,
His course was finished and he slept—
The loved disciple bowed his head,
Lord Jesus! quickly come, he said,
And lay among the martyred dead:

But now the plant become a tree,
And parasite clings "Bigotry,"
To violate its purity;
And yet the sacred type holds good,
No longer herbage, but a wood,
Not milken fluid, water fed,
Pure aliment, like living bread,
But viscid sap from earthly source
Rising throughout a hard-grained course;
And indurated, rugged, rude,
And hearts grown callous, like the wood;
No longer pliant to the wind,
The gentleness of Christian mind,
Like gentle Jesus, ever kind;
Rare the sweet inklings of first love,
Or melting thoughts of Christ above,
No longer seeking his return

In hymns of praise and thoughts that burn,
Like oil upon the altar poured,
A holocaust to Christ the Lord:

But in the parable was shown,
That when the tree had fully grown,
Great branches shooting forth around
Should cover amplitude of ground,
And fowls should lodge within the shade
And refuge in the spreading head;
Fowls of gross beak and heavy wing,
Which croak and chatter, never sing,
Deface the leaves, devour the fruit,
Impair the bark—but firm the root
Remains, deep-founded on a rock,
The steadfast trunk sustains the shock
Of winds tempestuous and hail,
Which like temptations fierce, assail
The steadfast heart well-nigh to faint,
But Christ preserves the tempted saint;
The plant or tree His hand hath trained
Shall flourish, nor till glory gained,
Shall any branch dissevered be
Till Paradise receive the tree;
Grace first gave impulse to the germ,
Grace kept the nascent plant from harm,
Grace like a sun gives light and dew,
And God with grace gives glory too:

But turn we to the sacred text,
The church becomes by contests vexed;
When winter days and months draw near,
Leaves tumefy, and worms appear,
Thus synods, councils, recognitions,

Bring discord, schism, and divisions,
And agitate the church, and lead
To bitter words and reckless deed;
Three centuries elapse; and then
Hypocrisy, as from a den,
Envy, deceit, and pride come forth,
Reckless of favor, or of wrath;
So blighting winds with fearful gloom,
Destroy the promise of the bloom,
Like pious worth laid in the tomb,
Consigned mysterious, the youth,
A hopeful lover of the truth—
So these foul vices bring to shame,
And dim the glow of Christian flame;
Christians in word alone, and name:
As in the tree no longer flows
The vital juice; no longer knows
First love her generous burning glows,
Those eager pantings of the heart,
Loth from her Bridegroom-Lord to part;
As among trees, the apple-tree,
Such was her Saviour wont to be;
Then would she seek her Lord by night,
And hear His voice and with delight,
Prefer His love to oil or wine;
Like ointment poured forth, divine
His name; His lips like dropping myrrh;
Who keep His counsels, shall not err—
But they who from His law depart,
Shall mourn with bitterness of heart:

Thus saith the Lord, while earth remain,
Seed-time shall see the harvest grain,

And day and night, and cold and heat,
And winter shall the summer meet;
Nothing shall cease of my decree,
The bow is covenant for me;
From everlasting is my name
To everlasting still the same:
So interchange from faith to fear,
Our wavering hearts while prisoned here;
Pride! like a rock of ice stands bright,
Hard as the adamant to sight,
And shines like diamond in the sun;
But ere the first brief hour be run,
The vapid mass dissolves away,
And lost to sight like closing day,
In transient lustre faintly gleams,
And vanishes on passing streams.

As autumn closes on the year
Gaudy the forest leaves appear,
Splendid the varied hues are spread,
The surface bright, the texture dead;
So, hectic beauty on the cheek
Would health and happiness bespeak;
Admiring eyes in vain would seek,
The ambush of the lurking foe
That undermines the core below;
Thus the seared leaves upon the tree,
With the prophetic word agree;
" Church in Thy house," no more is known,
Nor independent church, alone—
But district churches then began,
The patriarch, metropolitan,
These canons, and decrees enact,

The Word of God no more intact;
No more the church great hope desiring,
Nor to meet Christ the Lord, aspiring;
Their garments no more white and shining,
But from simplicity declining;
Eager for gain and competence,
And worldly rank and consequence;
No more transformed their inmost mind,
But conformed, to the world inclined;
Brother esteem and sympathy,
Bartered for hate and enmity,
And zeal exchanged for Bigotry.

Jewish customs superseded, 43
Another baptism is pleaded;
A rite transferred from circumcision;
Again, by very slight elision,
The Christian minister supplies
The Jewish priest in sacrifice;
And as a victim for the rite,
The " wafer" becomes recondite;
The church, assuming awful power,
Confers on priests an impious dower
To work the miracle—their nod
Converts the bread, and makes a god,
And ribald men declare the paste,
Still bread to sight, and touch and taste,
Becomes a transubstantiation
Of flesh and blood without evasion; 44
And elevated as the host,
The priest blasphemes the Holy Ghost:

Thus human fancies take the place
Of righteousness and saving grace;

And silly vanities are made
The staples of a priestly trade;
A mass may save a soul, if paid
An *ad valorem* price; for sung,
Or chanted by ennobled tongue,
The mystic words the gloom pervade,
And ease the pains as soon as said;
For double worth gives double power,
And frees from fire within the hour,
While lips plebeian may prevail
But slowly to redeem from wail;
For purgatory demons know,
Though busily engaged below,
The weight, and value, and amount,
Received and placed to their account,
And in proportions to the gains,
The soul is lightened of her chains,
And shortened, her probation pains:
As fiery sparks from iron fly,
Beneath the hammer's potency,
So all the peccadillo stains
Are bleached, and purgatory pains
That tortured the polluted soul
Are soothed beneath the priest's control;
Thus do the priests of Rome pretend
Money may purchase for their friend
Obedient to the priest's desire
Release from purgatorial fire;
Audacious blasphemy, the blood
Of Christ alone can bring to God,
The blood that flowed from Jesus veins
Cleanses the heart from all its stains;
In vain the wooden pax you handle,

Unless you pay for priest-blessed candle;
The saint inexorable looks down,
Unless from sixpence to a crown,
Be dropt within sacristan chest,
The larger sum is much the best—
For sinners who can nothing pay
Should not expect the priest to pray;
Or saint to listen to their say;
Make not confession, unless willing
To pay the father-priest his shilling,
Nor without pence seek absolution;
The Romish church knows not confusion—
" Attending to this very thing,"
Just in proportion as you bring,
So much her merits you shall share,
Whether her penances or prayer;
Thus, " with right hand, men hold a lie"
And blasphemous, God's word deny:
" Come without money, come and buy:
On ashes feeding, turned aside,
The heart, by sacerdotal pride
Deceived, falls prostrate to a god,
Whose hand may wield, nor staff, nor rod,
Foul Bigotry! let go thy hold
Of wretched sinners, Satan-sold,
By priestly craftiness for gold:

If in the dry such things are seen,
What shall be said, when in the green
Of Christian life dark spots abound,
And Christ's disciples wanting found—
With Bible page wide open spread,
Are Bible-christians, Bible-led,

Not seeking diligent the Word
To bring them nearer to their Lord,
And give their throbbing hearts to know,
And taste His love by what they do,
Careful His precepts to pursue;
Not heeding what the Saviour saith,
But in disputes on terms of faith;
In discipline distinctions making,
The new commandment often breaking;
As in the eye dust hides the view,
As when a stone is in the shoe,
The foot will halt; so Bigotry
Impedes the strabid eye to see;
And holds a crutch to zealotry:

Now read this tale from olden rhymes—
A bed was wrought in ancient times
As punishment for divers crimes,
Ingenious the cruel thought,
An apt invention, malice fraught—
The man was stretched upon the frame,
And if his measure were the same,
He saved his honour, life and name,
Without more torture, free from shame;
But if too long for the dimension,
And limbs drawn out, required declension,
The tyrant gave despotic word,
And they were shortened by the sword;
And if too short to reach the foot,
Submitted to an engine-boot,
The limbs were racked with engine-strength,
To give the wretched sufferer length.
So conscience-benders seek to bind

Conviction in the conscious mind:
Whether a fabled tale, or true,
Placing the narrative in view,
Philosophers this moral drew;
That truth though in herself the same,
In different aspects, often came
Presented to the mental sight,
In dubious, or transparent light:
The reasoning wrong, the vision right—

Now to apply this fact or fiction
To modern judgment or conviction;
For in the *uti possedetis*,
Lies all the merit of the thesis—
Thus creed-makers prepare a frame
Of propositions, which they claim,
All to subscribe, on pain of scath,
As dogmas of unerring faith,
On pain of excommunication,
Or loss of sympathy and station:

Say, whence arise these varied notions
Of faith and order and devotions?
A simple subject, simply taught,
By simple exposition brought
To minds possessing "ears to hear"—
Like water, strongly marked when near
The nombril spot where fell the stone,
That gurgling, sinks with purling tone,
But more diffused when farther off;
So those receive, while these may scoff;
And as the wind upon a river
The placid flowing waves dissever,
And break the waters into shiver,

So the church-body split to fractions,
Spreads and divides in rival factions;
Some, lost in maze of false opinion;
Again, who soar on wildered pinion;
There are, who grovel, never rise;
Others so lofty woo the skies,
Not to approach the golden throne,
But to build castles of their own,
And rear a Babel should surmount
All altitudes of mortal count:

Is it not strange that faith is found
For any folly on the ground,
Or but existing in the sound;
That airy fancy may wing flight
And credit any dream of night;
And revel in poetic glow
Of sounds and sights of things below,
Though fleeting as the river flow;
And as substantial and as true
As landscape painted to the view,
Upon the passing tidal stream,
Or morning clouds before the beam?

If the Greek patriarch dictate,
His serfs to saints will bow prostrate:
If Latin councils are convened,
Their dicta are dogmatic deemed:
The pope assumes to over-rule
From vergers in the vestibule,
To cardinals within the choir;
And bulla, sealed with Peter's ring,
Is reverenced a holy thing,
On pain of everlasting fire:

The jesuit his superior greets,
Although esteemed the prince of cheats;
Binds down his conscience to his will,
Detects the fraud, obedient still,
Though Bigotry ordain to kill:

These are beliefs of foreign soil,
But British creeds present a foil;
Our parliament is deemed supreme,
To will belief on any theme;
And if the commons' house decree
A postulate; so shall it be:
In times of yore, the trammeled mind,
To priestly creed and craft confined;
By protestant or popish sway,
Or under puritanic rod,
Bowed impious in the name of God;
When conscience-bound, the shackled thought
Aspired, amid continuous drought,
Never to full conviction brought;
Or if convinced, tongue-tied, the prayer
Though swelled the heart, lay buried there;
Aye! when the trumpet wakes the skies,
Such prayers, soul-tombed, shall all arise,
In thundering accusing voice;
While such incipient saints rejoice;

These might command pope, patriarch, priest;
And all give credence; from the least,
That ignorant, know not their creed,
To princely brows; who will not read:
If Pharisees and elders teach
Traditions; well, but though Christ preach
The truths of scripture on record,

How slow the heart receives the word;
So Israel of old would bring
Oblations, not to Judah's king,
But to their idols in the woods,
To images, and heathen gods—
If God command a seventh day
For men to rest, and praise, and pray,
And from their six days work abstain;
There are, who deem the precept vain;
But if the church her days ordain,
To keep a fast, or make a feast,
All pay obedience to the priest;
The saint is honoured on his day,
God's sabbath set apart for play;
Yet breach of festival, or time,
Denounced unchristian, and a crime;
Twice in the year are sacred crises,
Seasons, pursuant man's devices,
When conscience-cleansing work is done—
Indifferent, to the sabbath sun,
The sabbath hours unheeded run.

Thus sects and sections sit apart
And cast the controversial dart;
Strange inconsistency of zeal,
An acumen which cannot feel;
A light of splendour in the mind,
To render mental eye-sight blind—
The gospel shines, they grasp the ray,
But shut their hearts against the day;
Some hail the Saviour as their guest,
Yet hold divisions in their breast;
Profess to make His laws their guide,

Yet set His rule of love aside,
And while they greet their Elder Brother,
Shut fast the door against the other,
Mayhap, a younger, tender one,
And let him stand without, alone;
" Doth he the grace of God possess?
" Doth he the name of Christ profess?
" Doth he believe that Jesus' blood
" Alone can ransom him to God?
" Do you believe his faith sincere,
" His evidence of glory clear?
" Is he consistent in his life,
" No lover of the world, or strife?
" His walk, good promise of his end?"
All this we witness of our friend!
Then why forbid him to your board,
Both the disciples of one Lord?
All you admit is in his favour,
Sound faith, great love, and good behaviour;
What more should Christian manifest
To render him a welcome guest?

" Though pure his faith, our creed demands
" He follow out our Lord's commands;
" His faith, restricted, cannot see
" Baptismal proper mode to be
" By baptism alone.—Immersion—
" And we admit no other version:"
Now then to Scripture; What the plea?
" His faith with scripture don't agree"—
And thou good friend, is thine quite right,
Or dost thou read with blinked sight?
" Him that is weak in faith receive"

" Nor feeble brother-Christian grieve ;"
" We that are strong, the weak should bear,
" Sooth their infirmities, and share
" The griefs that crowd their thorny way,
" And cheer when clouds obscure the day."

Who these in shining vestments drest?
Name not the church nor creed professed,
Lest creed and church be deemed disgraced;
These ; ministers of Christ ! Oh ! shame,
Opprobrium couches on their name ;
Reformed, and protestant in creed,
They chant to Romish notes and plead
For customs, protestants abjure ;
Hold Romish tendence, gospel cure ;
And Satan-trapped, set Satan-snare,
To mislead souls within their care ;
Amphibolous, with Janus-face
They plead for rites, yet pray for grace;
The proverb saith, Though freed from taint,
The dog again will turn—the saint
Half-hearted, like the once washed swine,
Will still to sordidness incline,
And like the herd seek dirty pool ;
With violence run down the steep,
And perish in the troubled deep—
So mortar-brayed, unconscious fool,
Though with a pestle brayed in wheat,
Doth not his foolishness forget ;
Still hood-winked, will not wisdom learn
But will to foolishness return ;
Will not from foolery depart,
But witless still, hold pride of heart—

As rain in summer, or the snow,
Unwelcome falls, and cold winds blow
In harvest days, so on the brow
Of simple ones are honours placed;
Fools raised on high are fools disgraced—
Vain is the sacramental oath,
Without the Spirit pledge the troth,
Though surplice-clad and bishop-blessed,
Girt with silk scarf and satin vest,
Unless God's love allume the flame,
Man's love to God is but a name;
Who bends before an idol shrine,
Christian or heathen—not divine
His worship, but a guilt and shame;
Honours not Christ, blasphemes His name.

Turn we our eyes another side,
There we see bigotry and pride;
Christian and Jew will persecute
And show their fangs, like brute with brute,
In words of rancour and dispute;
Insult and vilify each other—
Yet is the Jew, the elder brother;
A scion of that thrice-blessed stock,
Whence came the Christ, the christian Rock;
"Will come," the Jewish shibboleth;
"Is come," the pious christian saith,
Types are fulfilled, the shadows flown,
And sacrifice no more is known,
The veil is rent, the law is ended,
Gentile and Jew in one are blended:
"Will come," the Jewish rabbi reads,
And Jacob's benediction pleads;

" Never the sceptre shall depart 54
" From Judah"—written in his heart
" Till Shiloh come the law shall reign,
" And God's authority sustain,
" Till the great gathering shall take
" Of Judah's sons for Abraham's sake,
" And graft them in the tree anew"—

Boast not against the branch, the Jew;
But if thou boast, wild olive tree;
Thou bearest not, the root bears thee:
The latter-day, foretold shall come,
When God shall call His wanderers home;
When Jewish orators shall preach
And in the Spirit's unction teach
Salvation through their own Messiah,
In thoughts of flame and words of fire;
Then, shall men gather round the Jew,
Cling to his skirts, " We go with you,
" Thy God be ours—" so Jesus praise,
The Jew shall sing in latter days.

Christian! go worship at the gate,
Where God is throned in gracious state,
Enter, with joy the holy place,
Where Christ reveals a smiling face,
There laud His providence and grace;
Whether in phrase of Common Prayer,
Or in thoughts aspirated there,
Outpourings of a glowing soul,
Or breathings of a mild controul;
Either, in confidence and love,
The voice on earth, the heart above:

Yet let not supplications rise,
To majesty who rules the skies,
In other name, by other say,
Than He has taught His sons to pray,
Through Christ, the only living way;
And while thy pious claims ascend,
To God, thy Father, and thy Friend,
In Him who for thy sinfulness
Atoned; and for thy righteousness,
Prepared a robe for thee to shine
Before the purity divine—
Remember all around thee spread,
In follies and transgressions dead;
Like thee, all sprung from dust defiled,
Their nature frail, their hearts beguiled,
The man presumptuous, vain the child;
All hastening from the first-drawn breath,
To meet their doom, appointed death;
Remember that the soul untaught,
In ignorance, a thing of naught;
Untrained in good, will evil ways
And evil love, throughout his days:

Then are the rulers of the land,
Responsible to God's command,
To take in hand to educate—
Let churches join in with the state,
That idle hands and sullied feet,
Wandering by thousands in the street,
Be brought within religious rule,
And wholesome discipline of school;
There, taught to read, and sing and pray,
And holy keep the sabbath day:

Yet dissidents take great alarm
And deprecate approaching harm,
Cry out " The union, church and state,
" Possesses influence too great;
" Her power and wealth accumulate;"
Better the masses yet remain
Untutored, than our creeds sustain
A loss in their ascendency;
Proportionate dependency—
Better be ignorant than know
Doctrines we think no good bestow;
Our teachings make the simple wise,
And lead to truths beyond the skies:

Thus Bigotry on either side,
Would turn commands of God aside,
And those professing deepest awe
To know God's will, and keep his law,
Would sacrifice to sect and station
The graver interests of the nation;
Profess desire to train a race
Of erring creatures for a place
Of comfort, usefulness, and peace;
Profess desire to see increase
The gospel-kingdom, and to bring
Rebellious nations to their King,
Yet would reject a righteous plan,
Should rear the boy, so raise the man:

Knowledge lay hid, the prison key,
Grasped in the hand of Bigotry;
The soul fast chained in ignomy;
Now the gold portals wide are thrown,

All may walk in, and take their own:
Who now should seek the gate to close,
Would impious, God's will oppose,
And seek again to bind the limb;
No sympathy be felt for him—
Give him a cup filled to the brim;
A cup of wrath, and let him sup,
With shame, the bitter potion up:
Till self-abased, confessing wrong,
He crave for grace with suppliant tongue,
And join free voices in their song:

Though, like a field in beauty spread,
The mind untaught is beauty dead;
A fallow mind demands the spade,
When tilled, the soil is fruitful made;
At morning dawn cast in thy seed,
And let the evening, for thy meed,
Behold thy labour; dost thou know
If this or that, shall meed bestow?
Be diligent in thy estate
Thy tender plants to cultivate,
The tender plants their fruit shall yield,
And odours sweet shall grateful rise
Like incense to the favouring skies;
Then shall the Master of the field
Behold, and give thee righteous pay
In realms of everlasting day;
While thou shalt cast thy honours down,
And place thy guerdon on His crown
Who sent his Spirit to instil
Love in thy heart; and gave thy will
Submissive, like a child at school,
To bend before the Father's rule;

And when he chastens, kiss the rod,
Thy docile will, the will of God.

Reader, farewell! our work is done;
The hours draw near our setting sun;
Life, like a river's ebb decays,
The stream runs down; in vain our gaze
Would seek to scan the unknown shore,
And bright realities explore—
While yet upon the river flow,
And favouring breezes round us blow,
Let us our watch and ward maintain,
Till the good ship her port shall gain;
And though on divers tack they sail,
Our sister barks; let cheers give hail,
Bid them "God speed ye" on their way,
From rock preserved and breaker spray;
Thus, sailing peaceful on, abreast,
Gain safe with them—"Fair Havens"—and rest:
There shall glad cherub voices greet
The home-bound vessels of the fleet;
There, safely moored in placid lee,
In admiration we shall see,
And to our angel-friends shall tell,
Our Captain, or in calm or swell,
Great, wise, and good, did all things well.

THE END.

Notes, etc.

NOTES.

1. Philip. ii. 12.—"Wherefore my beloved brethren.. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." It should be observed that the Apostle exhorts not to *work* salvation, but to *work out*. He had just shown that salvation had been worked or completed by Him, to whom every knee should bow—but *work out*—by conduct and conversation becoming the gospel, received and acknowledged as grace shown and righteousness imparted. "Be ye as men having their loins girded, waiting for their Lord; quit you like men, be strong; let all things be done with charity."

2. Coloss. ii. 18.—I would suggest that this paragraph be thus transposed and read, "Let no man, being a voluntary in humility and in worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, not holding the head (even Christ, Eph. iv. 15) beguile you of your reward, or judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath. Wherefore, if ye be dead with Christ from the elements of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances after the doctrines and commandments of men? touch not, taste not, handle not; which are all to perish with the using"—which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship, and humility, and punishing of the body—but not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh."

These portions of the Word of God are placed in the forefront of our array, as presenting the gist of the argument sought to be maintained; and authorising the animadversions so freely passed upon the abuses which have existed, or do yet exist in various sections of the Christian church.

3. Pliny—Letter to Trajan.

4. 1 Cor i. 13.—Is Christ divided? Eph. iv. 5.—One Lord.

5. Luke xxiv. 45.—Then he opened their understandings that they might understand the scriptures.

6. Calmet observes that the Scorpion fixes so violently on the person as to be plucked off with difficulty: the Scriptures generally join the Scorpion with the Serpent when such symbols are proper; Our Lord contrasts the Scorpion with the Egg: Lamy says, "The Scorpion is very like an Egg, it is very nearly the same in size, and the head may scarcely be distinguished, so that similitude is judiciously preserved, between the object offered and the thing asked for."

7. Thrusts in fencing—the arm being prone or supine, and the foil, consequently, being above or beneath the adversary's guard.

8. The awful catastrophe here adduced in illustration is related by the captain of a whaler, who discovered the doomed ship transfixed in an iceberg: the crew were lying in various positions, even as death had surprised them, victims of cold and famine; provisions had been exhausted, the water-tanks were empty. The captain seated in his chair had been writing an account, yet unfinished, of their sufferings; his wife with her child lay extended on the cabin floor, the green taints of decomposition staining the flesh of their cheeks and hands.

9. This trite axiom is from the pen of Butler, but is not to be found in his poem of Hudibras. Having thus mentioned this ingenious satire, I would suggest a careful study of the scriptural lessons of Christian respect and forbearance powerfully sustained in the lines of that performance. There is a literary anecdote connected with this work, almost unknown to the present generation. Voltaire, with his characteristic vanity, while indulging sneers at English poets and English poetry, declared that the intractable ryhthm of Butler's verse would render a translation of the poem into the French language impracticable, arising from the delicate sensibility of that tongue. The envious disposition and the supercilious humour of this infidel critic, educated a Jesuit withal, received a smart rebuke very shortly, by the appearance of an elegant translation of the whole poem, accurately giving the peculiar cadence and tripping foot of the singular measure—*mot à mot*, together with the poignant turn of satirical phrase in the keen style of the witty author. This masterly performance was the work of a young English gentleman, of the Towneley family, an Attaché in the exile court of James II., at St. Cloud; English born and educated at the College Henri Quatre, he became an accomplished master of both languages.

10. The Coistril: a degenerate hawk; a bird never having been taught the reclaim, or signal of recall; which is made either by the voice, or by motion of the fingers upon the leash in connection with the varvels, or silver rings, attached to the legs of the bird; but the figure would hold good were

it applied to the trained bird, since the casualties of hawking are often fatal to the hawk, as are the pursuits of pleasure, whether temperate or unrestrained. The heron may gain the ascendency, and by a sudden stoop, piercing his foe with his lance-like bill, will destroy him.

11. There is a remarkable coincidence in the abuses of will-worship, which have uniformly taken rise in the dictates of human reason, assuming authority to alter or modify Divine commands. Cain substitutes the fruits of the ground as homage to the Creator, in lieu of an atoning lamb—he approached the altar, not as a rebel to the footstool of an offended Benefactor, through an appointed mediator, but as an approved tributary presenting himself to his Sovereign. He offers the products of his own skill, the peach and the pomegranate, the olive branch and the vine, and these probably adorned with selections from the flower-bed, as more appropriate emblems of the Majesty which had spread the earth with fruitfulness and beauty. Job noticcs the progress of sabian worship in his time, the idolatrous worship of the host of heaven, and declares himself guiltless of the superstition—become so common as to call for legislation. "If I beheld the sun when it shineth, or the moon walking in brightness and my heart had been enticed, and my mouth had kissed my hand, this were an iniquity, for I should have denied the God above." Job, like Abel, faithful to the Divine command, offers the slain victim, and sheds the symbol of atoning blood which should thereafter be poured out for the sin of the world. If we descend through time to the days of our Lord's sojourn in the scene of his humiliation, we observe the purity of the Mosaic ritual obscured by human inventions, and priestly authority claiming for human traditions preference to God's appointments. "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, ye make void the law by your traditions, but in vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." With a view to give greater splendour to the temple, rites and ceremonies had been adopted, in compliment to Herod, and to cultivate the friendship of their heathen neighbours. While on this subject we may notice, that the simplicity of primitive Christian worship greatly irritated their Roman masters. The Christians had neither temples, nor sacrifices, nor images, nor oracles, nor sacerdotal orders; they needed no intermediate human intercessors with Heaven; their sole Mediator had ascended to his Father, presenting their praises and prayers incensed by his own merits, to supply their wants from his own fulness and to give protection by the power of all things committed to Him. The Pagan worshippers around, beheld them as atheists, and as such they were condemned by the Roman law, which declared atheists to be "pests to society"; hence arose the persecutions they endured. But in the fourth century we find this simplicity of worship had totally disappeared. Both Heathens and Christians had a splendid and pompous ritual, and differed

scarcely in their external appearance; gorgeous robes, mitres, tiaras, wax tapers, crosiers of elaborate workmanship—derived from the lituus or augural staff—processions, in imitation of the "Supplicationes" at which the chiefs of the nation, followed by the body of the people, approached the temples of the gods, thrown open by the senate to all, without distinction of sex or rank. To these may be added, lustrations, images, vases of gold and silver, grand candelabra, and other pageantry. Toward the close of the fourth century, arose two sects of opposite doctrines, the Antidico-Marianites and the Collyridians—the former maintaining that Mary did not always preserve her immaculate state, but that after the birth of the Messiah, she received the embraces of her husband—the latter, so called from the oblations of collyridæ or of oaten cakes, offered to the Virgin as a goddess, whether to seek her favour and protection, or to appease her supposed anger by libations and sacrifices. Nestorious in the fifth century was cited before the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, where imperious Cyril presided. He was condemned unheard on the charge of blasphemy against the Divine Majesty, because he refused to give this epithet to the virgin—Mother of God!—a title that conveys no meaning, but to the ignorant and unwary presents impious and monstrous notions.

12. The Pope! 2 Thess. ii. 2 4. "That man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God."

13. The word "Mystery" was formerly emblazoned upon the Pope's tiara, but it was represented to the consistory that this title designated the beast spoken of in the Book of Revelations, and was among the signs of the apostate church and antichrist, whereupon the blazonry was removed.

14. On the day of St. Peter, those who approach to render obeisance to the reigning Pontiff, ascend the dais on which he is enthroned, bending and kneeling on each step, and having prostrated, with much reverence they kiss an enormous ruby of exquisite fire, enchased upon the toe of an elaborately embroidered slipper.

15. Church Prayer Book. Form and manner of ordering of priests: The bishop shall pray in this wise. When this prayer is done, the bishop with the priests present shall lay their hands severally upon every one receiving the order of priesthood, the receivers humbly *kneeling upon their knees*, and the bishop saying "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God, now committed unto thee, *by the imposition of our hands;* whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins

thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of His holy sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then the bishop shall deliver to every one of them, kneeling, the Bible into his hands, saying, "Take thou authority to preach the Word of God, and to administer the Holy Sacraments in the congregation where thou shalt be appointed thereunto."

(A.) Apostolical succession! This doctrine has neither Scripture nor reason in support of the pretentions of its interested advocates! The Saviour laid his hands upon those whom he had chosen to be his *witnesses*, as Peter declared on the memorable day of Pentecost to the men of Israel; "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you, and killed the Prince of Life whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof *we are witnesses*. Again: when Peter stood up before the assembled disciples, the number being about 120, to select one for the office of an apostle, he describes the proper qualification of an apostle, "Of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus was in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a *Witness* of his *Resurrection*. *Paul* also claims apostleship solely, "that with his bodily eyes he had seen the Lord Jesus." In the accounts given of ordinations in the New Testament, it is expressly stated that they are appointed as *fellow-workmen*, not as apostles or as successors to the office. And remark, that Our Lord commences the reproaches made to the churches of Asia by rebuking this first presumption, "Thou canst not bear them which are evil, and thou hast tried them which say they are *apostles* and are not, and hast found them liars—yet have I somewhat against thee; because thou hast left thy first love"—such was the consequence of boasting, and of vain pretentions to unauthorized power.

(B.) Mosheim observes, that the bishops of the primitive and golden age of the Christian dispensation, in the youth and purity of the church of Christ, though bearing the same name, with bishops of succeeding ages, may not be assimilated to them, nor yet confounded with their character and manners—they differed in every respect. During the first and second centuries, the bishop occupied himself in the culture and care of the Lord's vineyard, in *one assembly* only. There he conducted himself—not as "a lord over God's heritage"—with the haughty authority of a master, but with the zeal and diligence of a servant. He preached to the people and instructed them from the oracles of God, to which he earnestly entreated their attention, he performed the offices of the sanctuary; attended the sick and the poor, exhorted and catechised young converts, administered to the wants of his flock, who looked to him for the supply of their need. The office was laborious, and onerous, exposing him as the teacher of the doctrines of Christ to obloquy and persecution, although the revenue was of small amount and without worldly honour or worldly esteem.

16. Isaiah, xlvii. 8. I am Jehovah, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.

17. Luke xii. 10. Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man it shall be forgiven him, but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven. Math. xii. 33. Mark iii. 28.

18. Plato has preserved to us the admirable defence of Socrates before his judges. "An honest man need fear no evil, either in this life or in a future state of existence; the gods take care of all his concerns; for what has now happened to me, is so far from being the effect of chance, that I am convinced it is infinitely better for me to die than to live, and therefore God who regulates my conduct did not interpose for me to day.—Now to our respective offices; you to live, and I to die; which is best is only known to the Great Supreme. Being condemned and about to drink the cup of poison; his friends gathered around, and endeavoured to persuade him to depart from Athens, and to make his escape; he calmly entered into an argument to show the dishonesty of such a step, whether as a wise man or as a good citizen, and a lover of philosophy who professed to have respect to the will of God. Having brought a powerful argument upon the immortality of the soul to a close by a very remarkable passage, he appealed to his friends to declare their assent to the truth of what he had advanced, or to state their objections. As they remained silent, he resumed his discourse, "The occupation of a reasonable man in this life should consist in habitual restraint of animal passions, in tranquility of mind, and in the employment of reason to discover what is true, divine, immutable; sustained by the purity of truth in this course, while the soul is united to the body—after death it will be reunited to that essence from which it sprang. Simmias expressing some doubts of parts of the argument, Socrates replied, "One of two things must be done. We must either learn the truth from others, or find it out ourselves, and if both fail, being after all but human modes, we must patiently wait for that revelation, promised as I have heard, in which we may venture to accomplish the dark voyage. Simmias again replied that he had been told that the soul was simply a harmony of qualities suitable to the condition of the body. Socrates replied, Similies are but colours of truth—not truth itself. The soul and its essence exist before it comes to inhabit its appointed covering—and if the soul were a perfect harmony, there could not be a vicious soul. Simmias again asked of Socrates, How he would designate that self-existent essence, of which he had spoken. "By essence, he replied, I mean the principle from which the soul has derived its being, and which has no other name, than "*That which is*," most wonderfully corresponding with the divine declaration of Jehovah to make known his name, "*I am that I am.*" He then exhorted his friends

to a course of life consistent with reason and virtue as the only source of happiness, to adorn the soul with the suitable ornaments of temperance, justice, truth, fortitude, and liberty—such an one, confident of the future, will patiently wait the appointed hour of removal from the lower to the higher sphere of his existence. Crito asked him, How he would be buried? "How you please if you can catch me; Crito confounds Socrates with the case that encloses him. Socrates will go to enjoy the felicity of the blessed." His three children were brought by the women; he embraced them all, and dismissed them, that their cries might not interrupt his tranquillity; having bathed, he sat down upon the bed. The officer came in to acquaint him that the poison must be prepared, weeping as he spoke. Crito remarked that the sun was yet upon the mountain tops, that time did not press. Socrates quoted to him a verse of Hesiod, "That it was ill sparing when one is near the bottom." Apollodorous now wept aloud as the slave brought in the mixture. "What do you say of this bowl," said the sage, "Would it be lawful to pour it out as a drink offering?" Socrates; we only brew for one dose, said he. "I understand, but at least, it is lawful for me to pray to the gods, that they would bless this voyage, and render it happy. And lifting up the bowl, he said, "This I beg of them with all my soul." Then, with great calmness he drank off the whole potion. Seeing him swallow the fatal draught we could no longer refrain. "What are you doing?" said he, my good friends, "Where is your virtue? Have I not exhorted you to constancy and courage? I dismissed the poor women lest they should exhibit their native weakness. Ought not a virtuous man to die tranquilly, blessing God?" His last words were, "Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius, discharge this vow for me, and do not forget it." The slave entered, and felt his limbs, he said the limbs were cold and shortly the cold would reach his heart. Lactantius and Tertullian condemn this last passage of Socrates, charging him with superstition, but Theodoret takes a just view—"I am persuaded that he ordered this to be done to show the injustice done in his condemnation. The cock is the emblem of life. He acknowledged Esculapius as the emblem of physic. He would say, "I surrender my soul into the hands of the great physician who can alone heal and purify. He had been condemned for owning no god—not their gods. He owns a God who needed no other homage than piety and virtue.—It may be observed, that Socrates with great meekness and placid manners, had given proof of heroic valour in the service of his country, at the siege of Potidea, and at the battle of Delium.

19. All sin must be atoned for. How that precious blood shall be applied so as to satisfy the justice of God, and render a virtuous heathen pure in His sight, and to give such an one entrance into the blood-bought family—if it be so—will be revealed among other mysteries of nature,

of providence, and of grace; but we do know, "That men shall be justified by their words, and by their words they shall be condemned"—that every idle word they shall give account of at the day of judgment—this dictum of the blessed Saviour—THE VIRTUOUS MAN—is brought before the reader, as veredict to the sentiment advanced, of the final state of blessedness of such men as Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and the like virtuous persons of the heathen world.—Rightfulness, or the love of right action, may be submitted as the equivalent in the natural mind, to righteousness in the Christian heart—since both can only be the result of holy influence superinduced by God's Spirit. The Proverbs contain many "apophthegms," illustrative of moral rectitude, available to the heart, before the grace of God shall have exhibited its pollutions and by conviction of its sinfulness shall have urged the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

20. Engagement in a faction—the shibboleth of a party—countersign or watch-word of a troop.

22. A direct contradiction of the Apostle's elaborate argument in the 3 Galatians—"For we are all the children of God by *faith in Christ Jesus*." A shrewd advocate of believer's baptism relates the following conversation held by ministers of opposing creeds:.

Churchman.—We observe this rite as it hath been handed down to us from primitive times.

Independent.—We agree with you brother, that the children of believers are proper objects to present to God as proofs of our own faith—but why retain the popish custom of signing their foreheads with the cross?

Baptist.—Oh! no doubt to preserve conformity with the original institution, for observe, that wherever precept or example is given in the New Testament, for the baptism or sprinkling of infants, it always follows, "And sign them with the sign of the cross."

In a work lately published by the excellent Rev. H. H. Beamish, on Baptismal Regeneration, we extract the following: "We believe that we may dedicate our children to God by baptism, and we bless God for the permission; we believe that on our part it is an act of faith and an act of duty. We do it, not in order to save the children, but to glorify God, and to put our children within reach of all the means of grace, and all the privileges of the Christian church. Although we believe the child could be saved without the rite, that is not a reason for neglecting it. We believe the blood of Jesus Christ to be effectual for the salvation of every member of the human family before actual transgression—although incapable of repentance, that creature will be presented without spot or wrinkle, through that blood, before the presence of an all-searching God. We believe that the

the child may be saved without baptism, and because we believe, we baptize the child. But it may be asked, doth not our church affirm that the baptized person, whether child or adult, is "regenerated or born again?" She does, but it is on the supposition that all the conditions she requires are complied with! She does, and we regret that she does so—for the reason, that in *most cases* she can have but little hope that those conditions can be complied with. Her denial of discretionary power to her ministers to return thanks, or at least, hypothetically to return thanks, hath wounded more *honest hearts*, hurt more *tender consciences*, and multiplied more seceders from her pale, than all other *forms and obligations* connected with her system.—To all whom it may concern at Rome, at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere, be committed the task to explore the acute reasoning, and to trace the logical deductions of this argument!

23. In the Roman church, the examinations preparatory to a reception of the Eucharist consist, principally, in superstitious directions for the mode of receiving the wafer, which the young communicant is taught to believe to be "very God." No saliva must be in the mouth, above all not on the tongue. In receiving the wafer, the mouth should be opened wide, the lips apart, the hallowed morsel must not be breathed upon, and on no account tasted. The young minds are taught, that the priest who has elevated the host, and has converted the bread into a god, is most holy, and even the shoes on his feet and the place on which he stands should be had in reverence. The feast of the Adoration of the Host was instituted by Honorius III, in the thirteenth century.

24. The Pax is a small plate, commonly of silver, bearing an engraved representation of the crucifixion which is kissed by the priest at the performance of a certain part of the mass, and afterward by the assistants in token of fraternal charity. Innocent I. in the early part of the fifth century originated this superstition. A small figure of the Saviour carved rudely in wood for the common people, but of ivory or silver for the higher classes, is also named the Pax: before leaving the porch, when using the holy water, this symbol receives the kiss of peace—whence the designation. Chapman, a dramatist, 1644, puts into the lips of one of his characters, "Kiss the pax and be quiet like your neighbours." The heathen women bore about their persons, usually in their bosoms, an obscene symbol, which was exchanged in the fourth century for this penate and worn in the same manner—the superstition being equally depraved.

25. The bull of excommunication prononouced against a nation or individual who may have incurred the anger of the see of Rome, presents a

tissue of blasphemy, and impudent assumption of power, totally at variance with the meekness, seen and heard in the dictates and actions of the son of God, the Saviour of men, "who came, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

26. Ganganelli—Clement XIV —sometimes called the "Protestant pope" He issued the famous bull which dissolved the order of Jesuits, and which relieved the French church from their pestilential influence and gave scope to the pure practice of the Jansenists. In his discourse on zeal he presents amiable traits of a benevolent mind. "Jesus gave a rule for the practice of zeal in his forbearance with Sadducees and Publicans; he ate with the one and tolerated the other. Scribes and Pharisees he denounced as hypocrites who clamoured for the rites of the law, while they neglected the holy precepts—these were the loudest to cry "Crucify Him"—and the examples evince that intolerance keeps even pace with incredulity." He observes further, "False zeal is an abomination in the sight of God; Why do not men distinguish the toleration of persons from the toleration of error—then we should not hear of burnings and massacres—animosity would not rage among the different communions, were but the pure spirit of the gospel the guide of their hearts and understandings." Pope Clement XIV. displayed the same simplicity and modesty when pontiff that had signalized him as a friar of St. Francis. He loved prayer in the cell and in the choir. Of Benedict XIV. it was said, "He wrote much," and of Clement XIV. "He prayed much." Rev. Robert Hall in his treatise on "Terms of Communion" presents a thought in unison with the benevolent Ganganelli—"The pedo-baptists differ with us in the interpretation of a precept, but they worship with us the Legislator of all Christian precepts—the antidote to their error lies in dispassionate argument, not in the exercise of power!"

Blaize Pascal, a Romanist of eminent piety; he was a profound mathematician, the inventor of trigonometrical arithmetic. The vast calibre of his mind, full of the Divine Spirit, is manifested in "Les Pensées," a work esteemed by all classes and creeds of Christian men who delight in truth, yet—"Proh pudor"—this giant of reason and pillar of faith, introduces a chapter on the "*Decorous worship of the Virgin;*" dedicating himself to her worship. Pascal was also author of the celebrated work upon the vicious dogmas of Jesuitism, entitled "*Les Lettres provinciales,*" exposing the corrupt doctrines and practices of the disciples of Loyala. Boudon, a pious Jesuit writer—author of "*Le Chretien inconnu,*" and many excellent works—but tainted also with Maryanism to a deplorable degree. Flechier, Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Massillon, estimable as Christians and preachers of righteousness. Arnauld and Nicolle with Pascal, leaders of the Jansenist controvery in conjunction with the monks of Port Royal. The disputes on

efficient grace, took rise in the fifth century, occasioned by the Pelagian heresy. Jesuits and Jansenists both appeal to Augustine, quoting such passages from his writings as appear to favour their views, garbling the text on both sides—but the latter taking the plain import of the language—the Jesuits, according to their usual habit, seeking *the direction of intention.* Augustine insisted, that in the work of grace leading to conversion and sanctification, all was to be ascribed to Divine energy—nothing to human agency. This contest commenced in the fifth century; under varied phase and name, has been continued to the present day. Savanarola was born at Florence, in the year 1498.

27. Rev. xiii. "And the dragon gave power to the beast, and his seat, and great authority; and I saw one of his heads wounded to death and his deadly wound was healed: and all men wondered at the Beast." The Reformation under Luther and Calvin struck at all the fundamental errors of the church of Rome, and the worship of God was established according to the simplicity of the primitive times—but although modified, the systems of Protestantism presented the same features. Bishops still lorded over God's heritage—the people still made Christian by generation, not by regeneration. Prayer, a form, not an inspiration. The rule of life founded on the law, not according to the gospel. Power to absolve from sin, conferred upon the priest by human authority. Throughout the protestant modes of worship, the same characteristic errors prevail—not the faith of the man—but the opinion of the church or place constitutes "a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Baptism, by faith in the sponsors, not in the heart of the candidates. Traditions yet accepted as parallels to scripture; and the dicta of a creed in the mouth of the servants presuming to over-ride the commands of the Master.

28. Gal. v. 4. The law is fulfilled in one word, "Love thy neighbour as thyself, but if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

29. Cranmer dismantled the popish stone altars with their images, and placed the communion table in the centre of the chancel, the communicants standing round and receiving the elements at the hands of the deacons, as was the practice in the first century.

30. In the series of prophetic parables delivered by our Lord to his disciples in Matthew's gospel, we read, "A woman took leaven and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." How it has happened that divines and learned men have adopted this word as a figure,

to express the silent but holy unction of the spirit of God in the conversion of sinners, and to the spread of the Gospel, is a marvellous inattention to the true meaning of the word, and consequently to the purport of the passage. Leaven signifies a poison, a deterioration—and in that sense it is used throughout the word of God, both in the old law, and by the prophets, and by every writer in the New Testament. If the place of this parable in the series be carefully observed, it explains itself; it follows to that of the mustard seed, which is sown, is grown, " which is the greatest among herbs, and becomes a tree so that the birds lodge among the branches." The history of the church and of anti-christ, is thus prophetically given, when the woman (church of Rome) leavens the three graces, faith, hope, love, until the religion of Jesus becomes disfigured and altogether depraved.

34. The gong is made of brazen metal, composed of copper, zinc, tin, and bismuth; a tone of great sweetness responds to one blow of a wooden mall, but if blows are repeated with increasing force, a rush of distracting sounds oppress the ear beyond endurance. This metal drum is used in Eastern countries to regulate the march of troops in processional pomp, and also to call cattle from the field.

35. The prelatic persecution under Charles II. expelled 2,000 zealous divines from the pale of the national church, on the pretence of nonconformity.

36. To Neale's history of the Puritans, the reader is referred for details of the sufferings of evangelical dissenters during the bigoted times of this frivolous monarch, and his bigoted successors.

37. Prov. xv. 25. "The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but he will establish the border of the widow." *Three Prince apostates.* It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the two Charles, and James II. The reign of the Stuart family ended in queen Anne, whose sudden death preserved her name from ignominy as a persecutor. The commission had been issued under her sanction, when the presbyterians assembled for prayer to God that he would avert from them the anticipated evil; the prayers were prolonged beyond midnight. The queen gave up the ghost that same night; and her successor, George of Hanover, pursued a more christian-like course —establishing tolerance of creed and worship. The Stuart race was cut off in the person of cardinal York, who died a refugee in the papal court, in the year 1807, having lived upon a pension furnished from the privy purse of George III. In the year 1788, he assumed the barren title of king, and caused a medal to be struck, bearing an inscription "*Henricus nonus Rex*— and on the obverse, " *Gratia Dei, non voluntate hominum.*"

88. There are several varieties of the mustard plant enumerated by botanists. Sir Thomas Browne observes, "that, springing as a plant from a small seed, the herb gradually thickens in the stem and becomes wood. Linnæus speaks of the *Sinæpi erucoides* possessing this property. An arborescent vegetable is found indigenous to the Mediterranean coast in large number. Writers in the Talmud have adopted the figure. A tree of this kind is mentioned, being of sufficient dimensions to cover a large tent. The *Alyssum clypeola* and *Clypeola thlaspi* are of this class of plants.

39. 2 Tim. iii. 15. "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." The close of the first century witnessed the rise of the sect of the Gnostics, which sprang from the vain thought to commingle the principles of Oriental philosophy with the holy principles of the gospel of Christ; at the same period arose a sect of Jewish christians who sought to combine the customs of the Mosaic law with the ordinances of the New Testament. The first great heresy appears to have been, a denial of the real humanity of Christ, or that he was clothed with a real body; also denying that Messiah suffered on the cross, but that he came to deliver the heaven born soul from a degraded body, and again to unite the divine mind to the Father of Spirits. This tenet appears to have been the germ from which the infinite complexity of opinions took their rise during the first and second centuries. Dositheus, the Samaritan—Simon Magus, also a Samaritan; and Menander, another Samaritan—these all taught the doctrine of Eaons—each of them pretending to height of power. The morals of these Gnostics were impure, as their doctrines were absurd. Cerinthus, a Jew, appeared after these men, advancing in impiety; for amalgamating the doctrines of Christ, together with the common errors of both Jews and Gnostics, his notions of the Saviour were absurd and blasphemous. In the second century arose Ammonias Saccas, who established the sect of the new Platonics. He combined the sentiments of Hermes the Egyptian, with the doctrines of Plato. He acknowledged Christ to be an excellent man, and the friend of God, but he denied that Jesus intended to abolish the worship of demons, who were to be considered as messengers and ministers of Providence. Origen and many christians of this age adopted the wild notions of this subtle man, who to maintain his authority observed great austerity of life, and introduced a system of indolence and seclusion from the ordinary occupations of life; from this impure source sprang the various sects of the Mystics; and from these, myriads of idle monks, hermits, ascetics, stylites or pillar saints; together with a multitude of foolish personal privations and rules of abstinence and seclusion, proclaiming these useful to holiness, and a means of salvation. Hence began the contests between faith and reason, religion and science, piety and genius, which are to this day the heirlooms of standard sects of error and folly.

40. 1 Tim. iv. 7. "Refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself unto godliness." The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned, from which some having swerved, have turned aside unto vain janglings. Victor, bishop of Rome in the ~~eleventh~~ second century issued the first bull of excommunication against the Asiatics upon the question of keeping Easter, these, observing the Paschal supper on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month; hence arose sharp and violent dissensions between the Asiatic and Western christians. The venerable Polycarp endeavoured to compose the dispute, but without effect.

41. John xv. "I am the true vine, my Father is the husbandman." In this sublime discourse, the source of christian love is shown to be in Christ, "who loved us and gave himself for us." Therefore, should christian men love one another. No sooner was philosophy grafted upon the gospel-tree than love faded, and faith decayed, and holy practice withered. At length love expires, and the Word is fulfilled in them "They hated without a cause." All this is seen in the history of the church, from the close of the second century until the present day.

43. The Upas tree, flourishing in the island of Java. Of the *Urticea* family, the same as the nettle, the mulberry, and the bread fruit; it often attains to the height of 100 feet, and to a diameter of six feet. An incision being made in the smooth bark, the poisonous sap flows freely. The emanations from the tree are not alike infectious to all persons or animals, nor under all circumstances of time or weather. The *Strychnos*, a species of vine, also growing in Java, is most deadly. This parasite clings tenaciously to trees, and reaches to their highest summit. The branches being cut and boiled, yield a gum resin, from which the poison is prepared.

44. In the fourth century commenced the controversy between Arius and Anastatius upon the divinity of Christ; dividing the christian body into two great branches. After the conversion of Constantine to the faith, the struggle for supremacy commenced, being claimed by the patriarch of Constantinople in the Greek church, and by the bishop of Rome as head of the Latin church. "Great birds"—assuming ecclesiastical power in the person of Heresiarchs, and in the rival pretentions of new orders of bishops and dignitaries of the church—the simplicity of early christianity having now merged into arrogance and luxury.

42. Great Priscilla and Aquila. Likewise the church in their house. Rom. xvi. 3. and in the epistle to Philemon, and to "church in thy house."

43. By allusion to Jewish titles—the bishop of a church was considered to have taken the place of the high priest; the elders or presbyters were saluted as the priests, and the deacons were said to represent the Levites. In process of time these figurative forms of speech became the acknowledged privileges of these orders, and their distinctive garments, with other circumstances of grandeur were assumed; together with tithes, first-fruits, and also rites and ceremonies analogous to Mosaic worship. From that time the Eucharist was asserted to be a sacrifice, and not a remembrance.

44. A doctrine was introduced into the church in the fourth century, upon which the elevation of the host in the celebration of the Eucharist was instituted, together with the use of the censer and incense. Gregory, surnamed Thaumaturgus, or the wonder-worker, established the practice of dancing, sporting, and feasting at the tombs of the martyrs, and substituted christian festivities in lieu of the pagan observances in honour of their gods.

45. A scale of price for absolution, called an indulgence, was drawn up and published by Tetzel, who made the infamous assertion upon one occasion, that the efficacy of the pope's indulgence was such, "that even had any one ravished the mother of God, he had power wherewithal to efface the guilt."—*see Moshiem*—Further, he boasted publicly, when offering his papers for sale, "That he had saved more souls from hell than had the apostle Peter by his preaching."

46. Rom. xiii. 6. "For this cause pay ye tribute also, for they are God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing." This apostolic direction to christian men to submit conscientiously to the government of their country, and to contribute cheerfully to the demands of the state, is wrested by the popish church to defend the exactions of a covetous priesthood.

47. Isaiah xliv. 19. "None considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten: and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree? He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, "Is there not a lie in my right hand." Rev. xiii. 16. "*The Beast* caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or on their forehead."

48. John xv. 12. "This is my commandment; that ye love one another as I have loved you." Rom. xiii. 9. "If there be any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

49. Procrustes, a robber chieftain of Attica, who subjected captive travellers to this inhuman ordeal. Theseus the son of Egeus among other exploits in imitation of the labours of Hercules, seized the tyrant and killed him, by attaching his limbs to the trunk and branches of a bent pine tree, which being liberated, sprang up and tore him asunder.

50. The bull for a universal jubilee granted by Clement XIV., Ganganelli —in pursuance, as he states, "according to the ancient practice of the sovereign pontiffs, our predecessors, trusting in the mercy of Almighty God, and in the influence of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and in virtue of the sovereign power of binding and loosing, we hereby grant by these presents, to those who shall visit certain churches in Rome or out of Rome, a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins, to all faithful christians of either sex, who shall in the space of fifteen following days, reckoning from the time appointed by the bishops or vicars or curates." Then follows the usual form. "Given at Rome, St. Marie Major, under the Fisherman's ring, 12th Dec. 1769. First year of our pontificate."

51. Rom. xiv. 1. "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to judge his doubtful thoughts; or not to doubtful disputation."

52. "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves"—and forward to the end of the chapter.

53. 2 Peter ii. 21. "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them; but it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Worthington, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Andrew, Holborn, *to the* Rev. J. W. Bennett, M.A., of St. Barnabas, Chelsea:—"For some time the Tracts for the Times gave forth a noble spirit, but they gradually sunk in tone into wretched Romanism; non naturals, absurd estimates of symbols, paltering equivocation, and reservation in teaching the whole truth; these things led me to feel the utter impossibility of supporting the system that was contained in them. I traced Newman placing the Virgin in the hypostasis of the Trinity; I saw Dodsworth equivocating on the question of the Intercession; Oakley uttering flat Papistry, and Pusey advocating a coporeal presence in the elements, and claiming similar credence for the traditions of men with that due to the word of God."

54. If the punctuation of this passage be corrected this prophecy will be rendered clear, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah." The sceptre has not departed. Matthew ii. 2. "Where is he that is born king of the Jews"—declared of Jesus at his birth; and at his death on the cross the superscription was written of him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew—"This is the king of the Jews." The second clause of the blessing asserts, that the lawgiver shall not depart from Judah, as David declares in the 60th Psalm, v. 7. "Judah is my lawgiver"—or lawkeeper. The Jews do tenaciously hold to the law, and will do so, until Shiloh come." Shiloh has not come yet, for the gathering of the people has not taken place, nor, until the King comes to receive the kingdom shall the law depart from Judah.

55. Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, Report of Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education:—"The statesman who endeavours to substitute instruction for coercion; to procure obedience to the law by intelligence, rather than by fear; to employ a system of encouragement to virtuous exertion, instead of the dark code of penalties against crime; to use the public resources, rather in building schools, than barracks and convict ships; to replace the constable, the soldier, and the gaoler, by the schoolmaster, cannot be justly suspected of any design against the liberties of his country, or be charged with an improvident employment of the resources of the state."

"In every instance in which the authority of the state to interfere for the education of the people has been questioned, the doubt has been suggested by some antagonistic authority. The abstract justice of the exercise of this power of the state, would never have been called in question if it had not appeared to threaten some existing interest, or failed to acknowledge some social right. The abstract objection has been prompted, either by some practical grievance, or by the desire of some dominant majority, or by combination of the two causes. If the appointment of public inspectors be considered, objections to the educational scheme must vanish. The inspector's duty requires him to report solely on the literary improvement of the scholars, it remains with the school committees to examine the efficiency of the religious instruction, whether general or special. On the report of the managers that they are satisfied with the state of the religious instruction the Committee of Council will require no other proof."

"The Committee of Council intend to avoid making any requirement beyond that of the minute, December, 1839. "That the daily reading of a portion of scripture shall form part of the instruction of the school, nor do their Lordships require attendance on any particular sunday school, or of any particular place of worship; but will be satisfied if at the close of each

year the managers of the school certify, that the pupil-teachers and the scholars have been attentive to their religious duties."

56. Josh. v. 14. "And Joshua went unto him and said unto him, Art thou for us or for our adversaries: and he said, Nay! but as captain of the Lord's host am I come." 2 Chron. xiii. 12. "Behold! for he is with us for our captain." Heb. ii. 10. "For it became him for whom all things and by whom all things, in bringing many sons unto glory to make the captain of their salvation, perfect through sufferings."

Church Bells.

A TRAIN of pleasing thought has often passed the mind, as the steps proceed on a Sabbath morn to the Sanctuary. The Master of assemblies appears to be looking down upon the throng of worshippers of every tribe, and tongue, and kindred. They prepare to offer their creature homage, each in the voice of his creed to the God of his Fathers. At such a time the humbled individual is constrained to consider, not the amount of Truth dwelling in the hearts of the diversity around him, but to retire into the secrecy of his own breast, and examine himself, "Whether he be in the faith."

CHURCH BELLS.

I LOVE the sound of Sabbath bells,
Though not from superstition;
But in their sound there's something tells,
From early intuition,
That this day is a day of rest,
A day for man which God hast blest:

Though not from heart persuasion,
From long association,
There's music in their sound to me,
Chiming in pleasant harmony,
Awakening hallowed fire;
And as I see the decent folk
In bonnet trim, and russet cloak,
With ordered pace and placid look;
The ladies with the squire:
There's something tells me that our land;
A land so highly favoured—
Obedient to God's command,
Gives rest to those who laboured;
To high and low, the learned, the rich,
To those who hear, and those who preach;
Whether arrayed in gown and band,
Or in simplicity they stand,
With only Bible-book in hand;
Whether from law or gospel text,
None will admit—on no pretext—
To lose or desecrate the day,

In dissipation or in play,
But sanctify the Sabbath:

If on this point we should agree,
It would not signify to me,
What the man's sentiments might be;
Whether at Rome he fear the pope;
In Church of England place his hope;
With Unitarian hold a pew;
The Sabbatarian or Jew;
These keep the last day, those the new;
Or with Moravian or Friend,
Make piety his aim and end;
With Methodists hold christian faith;
Or hear what Presbyterian saith;
With Baptist, Independent pray;
Let him observe the Sabbath day,
And in God's house glad homage pay:

Then if there's error in his heart,
God, from that error may convert,
And on His own mysterious plan,
Convince the mind, and save the man;
So Nature's darkness turned to light,
The heart renewed, shall in God's sight,
Observe his precepts with delight;
And born again through grace; the soul
Rejoicing in divine controul,
Shall hold communion and pray,
With HIM, who once was heard to say,
"For man was made the Sabbath day:"

Beseech you now; don't say or think,
I'm latitudinarian;

Or deem me on perdition brink,
With Infidel or Arian;
Since liberty I seem to give;
To all, whatever they believe—
No! while I claim to hold my own,
My neighbour's faith I leave alone,
And tolerate him—tolerate—
The selfish word I execrate;
Beshrew the thought; no king or queen,
That may be, or that may have been;
No commoner of high estate,
However kind, or good, or great;
No peer, nor minister of state;
Nor pontiff, presbyter, nor priest;
Nor high authority, nor least;
No one should dare to say to men,
I! give you leave to sue to Heaven
For peace, or joy for sins forgiven:
I! institute another day,
For men to fast or feast, or pray,
More holy than the Sabbath day:

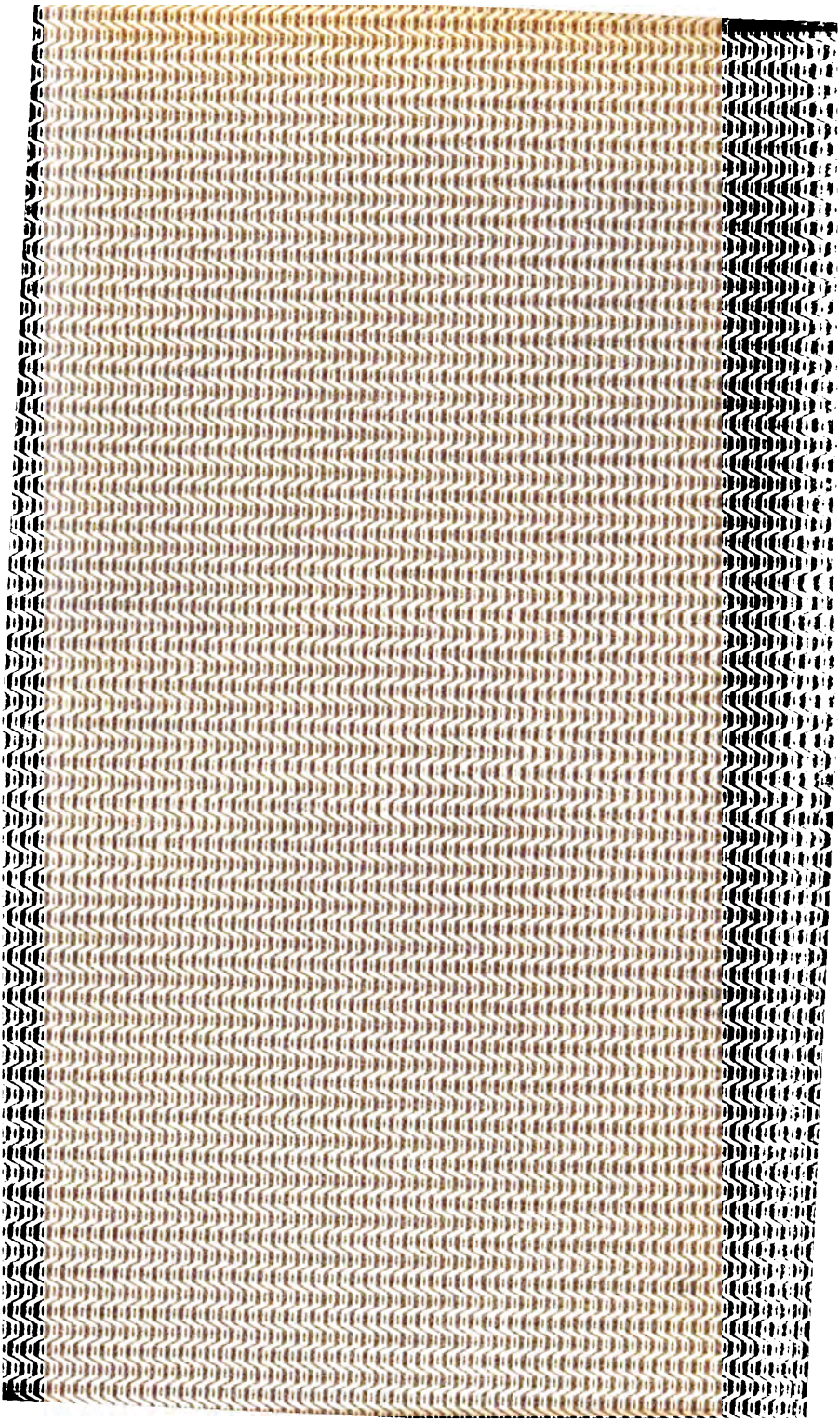
But if indifferent I seem
To creeds which others think or dream,
I am not heedless of my own;
With God I have a great concern
Of life and death, when through that bourn
From which no travellers return
I hasten on to see His Face;
A welcome find in his embrace,
Or lost—for ever mourn:

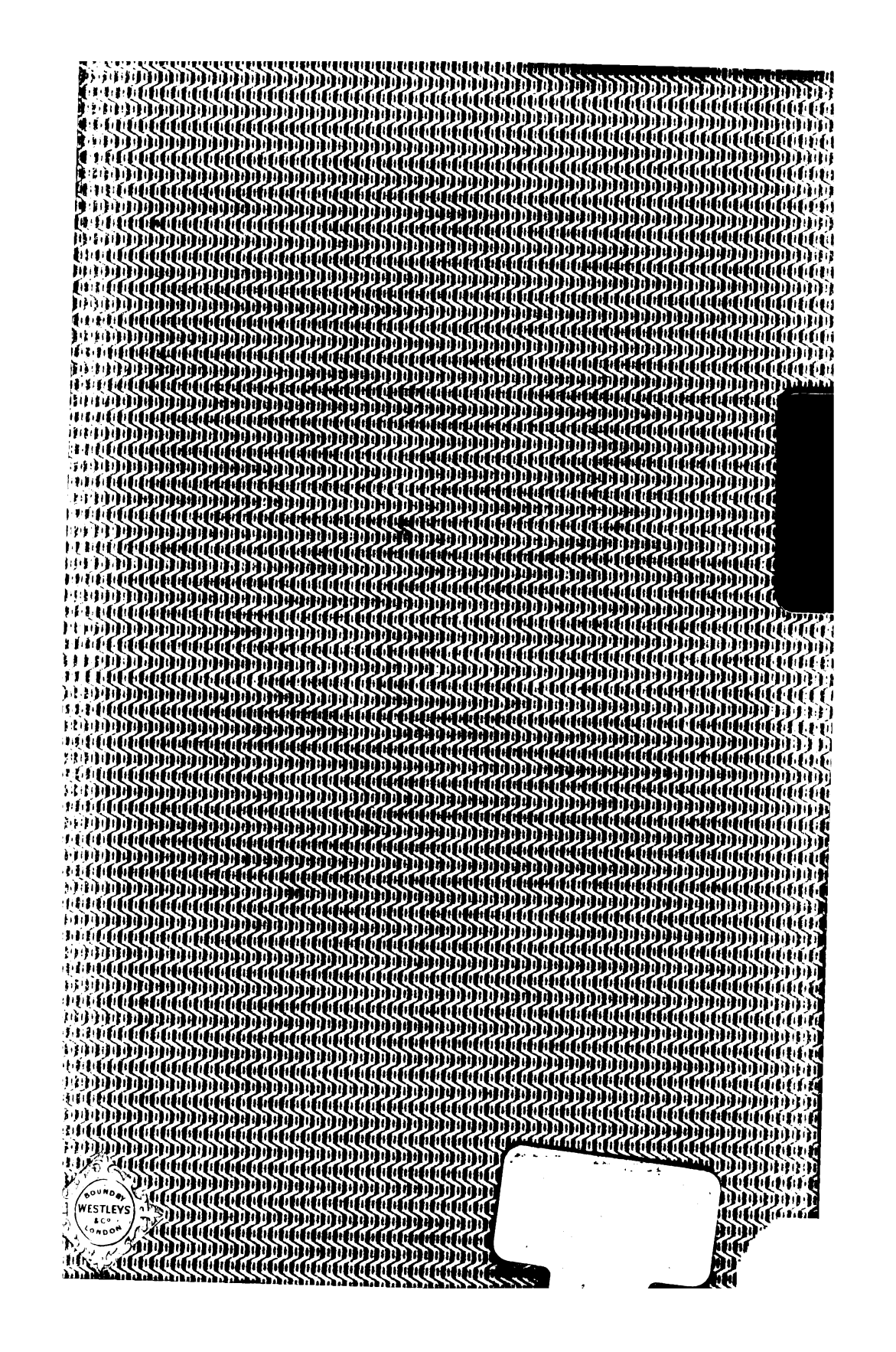
Great Spirit! show my feet the way
And teach me where and when to pray

To read Thy Word, when read, obey—
Give me my fellow-man to love
Let kindness all my thoughts approve,
Seek for no faults, but know my own,
Humbly confess before Thy throne;
There, plead through Him, the Holy One;
Make every vain desire to flee
Would injure faith, dishonour Thee:
And lead me to that blood-stained cross,
Than which all other things are dross;
There weeping my Redeemer see,
Who bore the curse, and died for me;
Who taught His followers to pray,
And kept, with them, the Sabbath day:

Thy gracious influence impart
To keep me holy, hand and heart;
Let all the actions of my life
Be free from vanity and strife;
From worldly cares and passions free,
So render mind and soul to Thee;
Then my glad soul shall wing her way
To everlasting Sabbath day:

In perfect vision then, my sight
Shall ever dwell in God's own light,
Transcendently shall joyful trace,
The glorious beauties of His Face;
With angel-hearts shall muse and tell
Of Sabbath sounds and gospel bell.




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